The Outlook

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FEEDING GERMANY

Some anxiety has been expressed by individuals and newspapers lest a sentimental desire to feed the German people should make us forget the sufferings of those peoples whom the Germans have starved. The Montenegrins are a small people, they are our allies, they are suffering from hunger, and we have done nothing to help them. The Polish Committee, of which Ignace Paderewski is Executive Chairman, announces that some three million human beings in Polish Galicia and three and a half million in Russian Poland have died from starvation, cold, disease, and exposure since August, 1914. The Polish Committee says that "eleven million people are still wandering homeless, hungry, and cold among the ruins of twenty-two thousand villages and two hundred towns reduced to ashes. 'Their only hope is in America,' cables the Bishop of Cracow. 'We pray that the coming winter will be mild.'" At the head of this announcement the Polish Committee quotes the following declaration, issued during the war by General von Beseler, the German Military Governor of the Polish city of Warsaw:

> Starvation is a great force, and if we can use that to the advantage of the German Government we are going to use it. We have wanted and needed Poland for a long time, and if these people die off through starvation, a lot of German people will overflow into this country and settle here, and after the war Poland will be a German province, even if we have to give it up.

Those who are anxious lest we shall forget the Poles and the Slavs of eastern Europe while thinking of the Germans refer with some question to the statement which the President made to Congress on November 11, as follows:

> The humane temper and intention of the victorious Governments has already been manifested in a very practical way. Their representatives in the Supreme War Council at Versailles have by unanimous resolution assured the peoples of the Central Empires that everything that is possible in the circumstances will be done to supply them with food and relieve the distressing want that is in so many places threatening their very lives; and steps are to be taken immediately to organize these efforts at relief in the same systematic manner that they were organized in the case of Belgium. By the use of the idle tonnage of the Central Empires it ought presently to be possible to lift the fear of utter misery from their oppressed populations and set their minds and energies free for the great and hazardous tasks of political reconstruction which now face them on every hand. Hunger does not breed reform; it breeds madness and all the ugly distempers that make an ordered life impossible.

We do not think Americans need to be anxious about this matter. The overwhelming desire of the people of the United States is to feed their suffering allies first and to help the Germans afterwards. Indeed, we are not sure that there is not some danger that in our natural indignation against those Germans who could have tolerated such an announcement as that of General von Beseler we shall fail to do what common humanity demands that we should do for the German people. Mr. Hoover, with his usual common sense, has stated the case clearly:

> There has been a great deal of unnecessary furor in this country about feeding the Germans. We are not calling upon the American people to make any sacrifice with a view to feeding the Germans. We are not worrying about the Germans. They can take care of themselves if given a chance. But the blockade has got to be abandoned. If there is an advance relaxation of the blockade, Germany can get food—fish from Norway and Sweden, grain from Argentina. What is desired most now is for Germany to get on some sort of stable basis, so that she can pay the money she owes to France and Belgium.

Since the armistice was signed nothing has happened showing German regret for Germany's barbarism. The appeal to President Wilson from Chancellor Ebert and Foreign Secretary Solf contains no word of repentance. Nor does the appeal of the German women to Mrs. Wilson and Miss Addams, which naïvely implores them to procure "a change in the terms of the armistice so that the long suffering of the women and children of Germany may not end in unspeakable disaster." The sufferings of the Germans have been brought upon themselves by themselves. But the world needs to have the Germans fed, because the civilized world needs to have Germany maintained until her next harvest places her on a footing to provide for herself. Unless this is done anarchy may spread throughout Germany and there will be no power there to fulfill the conditions of peace.

FEEDING EUROPE

The fact is that for a long time to come America has got to make an extreme effort to aid in feeding the whole of Europe.

The people in Europe may be divided into the following classes:

1. Our chief allies—the French, the British, the Italians—about 120,000,000 people.
2. Our smaller allies—the Belgians, the Serbians, the Poles, the Rumanians, the Portuguese, the Greeks, the Czechs, the Jugoslavs and others—some 60,000,000 people.
3. The European neutrals, say, 40,000,000 people.
4. The Russians in Europe, about 130,000,000 people.
5. The Central Powers, now only some 90,000,000 people.

As arrangements have been completed by which our chief allies will be provisioned, our first concern now is for our smaller allies. Of them the Belgians stand first to receive aid, and the provision for them has been doubled. The need of the Czechoslovaks and the Jugoslavs is particularly appealing, however, because food supplies will assist their new Governments to maintain cohesion and order.

As the neutral states are all now on short rations, as some of them are threatened with anarchy, and as famine is the mother of anarchy, our next concern should be to prevent that growth by supplying them all with food.

No European region is more pathetic in its suffering than is North Russia. Some fifty million people are starving there both because of the breakdown of transportation and because of sheer anarchy. There are sufficient food supplies in South Russia, but there is no transport for them; indeed, there are only three areas in Europe with sufficient food supplies to last until next harvest without imports—South Russia, Hungary, and Denmark.

America must take over largely the task of this wholesale feeding. Can we do it? During the last year of the war we sent to our allies nearly twelve million tons of food. Had the war lasted another year, we knew that this great amount must have been increased by about six million tons. Yet, so far from relieving us from the burden of that increase, the close of the war has only added to it. For the first twelve months after the war the requirements of food from this country to Europe will be, it is estimated, nearly twenty million tons.

To provide such an immense amount we shall need to produce more and economize more than ever before.

PREPARING FOR PEACE

The first stage in the progress of the nations toward a peace settlement is the enforcement of the armistice conditions. This, when completed, will place the Allies, through the material and territorial pledges in their hands, in a position to baffle any conceivable attempts by Germany to violate her pledged faith

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as she has done more than once in the past. It will also place the Allies in a position to enforce those terms which through the Peace Conference they shall choose to impose upon Germany and her former vassal states.

The week ending November 19 recorded reasonable progress in the carrying out of the provisions of the armistice. It is natural that the movement should be slow at first, as the evacuation and occupation of territories, the surrender of warships, and the giving up of enormous quantities of material form together a vast and complicated task, the early steps of which cannot be pushed too rapidly. Gradually the German forces are withdrawing from the French and Belgian occupied territory and the armies of the Allies are following them from point to point as they move. Advance forces of the Belgians are already, as we write, in Antwerp and Brussels, and full occupation will quickly follow. The British forces (which had the great honor and satisfaction before fighting ceased of occupying Mons, where their famous retreat in the first months of the war began) are moving forward in the center of the line toward Liège; the French were reported on November 19 to have entered Metz; at their head was General Pétain, now a Marshal of France. Marshal Foch was expected to enter Strassburg by November 24. Our American Third Army is advancing as an army of occupation, has taken possession of Briey and the immensely valuable mining country about it, and is well over the line into Lorraine. There have been some disorder and violence in a few of the towns as the German forces were withdrawn, but there is no indication of serious difficulty in this respect. Charges of looting and plunder are made against some of the German troops.

Most spectacular, and perhaps most significant, of the acts of submission was the announced departure from German ports on November 18 of a fleet of German battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and other vessels. These, in accordance with the armistice conditions, were to be met at sea by British, American, and French warships and convoyed to the port in which they are to remain interned and disarmed as pledges of peace on the sea during the discussion of peace terms. A Berlin despatch gives a list of the vessels thus taken over by the Allies. It names ten battleships, five battle-cruisers, and six cruisers. Oddly enough, at least one of these vessels, the Dresden, bears the name of a German vessel known to have been destroyed, while the same is true of the Wiesbaden, which was reported destroyed by revolutionists. Probably the vessels now so named received their present names after the destruction of those which first bore the names.

When the French soldiers entered recovered Lorraine on November 17, they were acclaimed with joy and enthusiastic shouts by the people. A press correspondent cables: 'After forty-seven years of German rule, the town (Château Salins) appeared even more intensely patriotic than French towns that had never known any other than French rule." This seems to be typical of the feeling throughout Alsace and Lorraine, now joyously returning to their right place as an integral part of France.

GERMANY IN TRANSITION

It is difficult to feel certain as to the internal condition of things in Germany. For instance, as we write it is being pointed out that there is no evidence whatever that the Kaiser has signed an act of abdication. No such document has ever been made public, as was done in the case of the Emperor Charles of Austria. With this report comes the surprising and not very probable statement that the Kaiser, or ex-Kaiser, is thinking of returning to Germany because of disturbed social conditions in Holland; this last assertion is particularly unreasonable, for, although there is some Socialistic agitation in Holland, the probability of a revolution there is slight, while in Germany revolution is rampant. Now, if the Kaiser has not abdicated, then the lawfulness of Prince Maximilian's claim to act as Regent and his right to appoint Herr Ebert Chancellor seem to rest on slight basis.

There has been confusion also as to the status and membership of the so-called Cabinet headed by Ebert. Probably some of this confusion arises because of the existence of a Prussian Cabinet as well as a German Cabinet. The former, if the situation is stated correctly in recent despatches, is under the leadership of Solf as Foreign Minister, the latter under the leadership of Haase as Foreign Minister, and both under Ebert as Chancellor. It is the German Cabinet, as distinguished from the Prussian Cabinet, which is distinctively Socialist in its composition, while the other is in its composition a coalition. Practically, Germany may be regarded as having a Provisional Government which must ultimately obtain indorsement by the people of Germany through a Constituent Assembly or some other representative body if it is to be taken as permanent or really national. There is also to be reckoned with the growing tendency to disintegration as between the German kingdoms and principalities. It is more than probable that Bavaria and others of the former Imperial units will take this opportunity to establish independence and freedom from Prussian overrule.

The Cabinet which has been organized under Friedrich Ebert, as Premier and head of the Interior and War Departments, is composed entirely of Socialists. Three of them—Ebert, Landsberg, and Scheidemann—are among the Majority Socialists, who supported the Imperial Government in war measures; while the other three—Haase, Barth, and Dittmann—are classed as Independent Socialists; the last named was released from imprisonment only a few days before the downfall of the Kaiser. Barth is an extremist, was once editor of the Socialist newspaper "Vorwärts," and is said to represent the faction now given the name of Spartacus, which comes nearest in its aims to the Bolshevik intentions.

There has been less of actual revolutionary violence in the week under discussion than previously. The fiercest development of revolt was undoubtedly in the navy. A singular story is told from two or three different quarters as to this naval revolt. As stated in "Vorwärts," it is that either the German fleet was ordered out on October 28 for a final and desperate battle or that the sailors in the fleet believed that the order was given. "This," says "Vorwärts," "was the real spark that kindled the revolution." This story, which in another form also comes from Germany through the Wolff press agency, is in accord with the statement attributed to Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the British Admiralty, to the effect that he knew positively that the German fleet had been ordered out to meet the British fleet "as a last gambling chance."

OUR OPPORTUNITY IN RUSSIA

Under the terms of the armistice, Germany must at once withdraw her military, political, and financial agents in Russia. What this means is best known by those who have studied Germany's intricate and subtle schemes, extending for years before the war as well as during the war, for gaining and keeping a hold on Russian affairs and on Russian commerce. Now comes our great opportunity to restore peace and prosperity in Russia and to release that nation from both German and Bolshevik domination.

The All-Russian Provisional Government, now at Omsk, has a right to speak for Russia; the Bolshevik tyrants at Moscow have not. The All-Russian Government legitimately derives its power from the Constituent Assembly lawlessly dispersed by the Bolsheviki. It therefore represents all classes in Russia and is a proper central point about which opposition to the Anarchists now in power must gather. It is quite probable that its Directorate of Five will soon be heard from in Moscow; for after the opening of the Black Sea and the Baltic Sea under the armistice the rule of the Bolsheviki, even now solely a rule of terrorism and slaughter, cannot long survive.

The President of the Provisional Government, Nicolai Avksentieff, lately pointed out to a newspaper correspondent that the Provisional Government is far from being a militarist committee. Two of its directors are Socialists, one is a Constitutional Democrat, one is a non-partisan with Socialist tendencies, only one is a military officer. The last thing that this Directorate wants is a military dictatorship.

Russia is still in a state of civil war. It can be restored and re-established only by putting such an end to civil war as will secure self-government and nation-wide representation. The best, and apparently the only, way to bring this about is for the Allies

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to work hand in hand with the Provisional Government. The President of that Government, in reply to the direct question, "How can the Allies help Russia against the Bolsheviki?" replied, as reported in the New York "Times:"

> First, by recognizing this Government, which is at the head of the Russian democratic movement against the Bolsheviki.
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> Secondly, such recognition will strengthen this Government in the eyes of the masses, and all elements desiring democracy in Russia will look to this Government as the supreme authority.
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> Thirdly, there are some reactionary elements which hate democracy, which are raising their heads in European Russia. Only when the reactionary element sees that this Government has the support of the free governments of Europe and America will these reactionaries be powerless.
>
> Fourthly, the Bolsheviki have finished the work of the Czar's régime in ruining and entirely destroying the economic life of the country. Before this Government can be in a position to re-establish economic life it must have supplies of clothing, household necessities, and ammunition from the Allies. In this way the Allies can help democratic Russia to endure.

These are reasonable wishes and proposals. They certainly should be met by the Allies.

ANARCHY AT A DISCOUNT IN AMERICA

In some of the copies of The Outlook for November 20, under a portrait of Senator Nelson, the caption indicated that Mr. Nelson's opponents at the recent election had been Messrs. Burnquist and Wheaton, an error corrected in copies later printed. Neither Mr. Burnquist nor Mr. Wheaton opposed Mr. Nelson's nomination or election. Mr. Burnquist was Republican candidate for Governor, Mr. Wheaton his Democratic opponent.

As The Outlook has already stated, Mr. Nelson's services in the United States Senate have been distinguished by such patriotism as to call forth from President Wilson himself a request to the Minnesota Democrats not to oppose the Senator's re-election. They agreed to this with apparent unanimity. But at the eleventh hour a combination made up of a small faction headed by ex-Governor Lind, with the backing of some of the National Democratic Committee, the leaders of the so-called Non-Partisan League ("of American Bolsheviki" some say should be added), some of the liquor interests, and, finally, the pro-Germans, opposed Mr. Nelson's election. The Democratic party of Minnesota was thus divided. Of course the larger and better part voted for Senator Nelson.

The situation really settled down to an issue between the people of the State and the Non-Partisan League. Mr. Nelson was the nominee of the Republican party and indorsed by the State Democratic Committee, whereas the sole organized support of his opponent came from the Non-Partisan League. Mr. Nelson won over his combination opponent by a majority of about a hundred thousand.

The same issue existed in the gubernatorial situation, not only in Minnesota, but in neighboring South Dakota. The Republicans saved two States in which the League spent strenuous activity. Governors Burnquist and Norbeck were indorsed by significant majorities.

But all these events point to no merely Republican or partisan victory. In the election party lines were practically lost. Voters felt that it was a question of saving a great region from the control of those who were undertaking to capitalize restlessness and discontent, not to say anarchy. They have redeemed that region from conditions that threatened its loyalty and good name.

EDWIN BOOTH HONORED

It is not often that a memorial can be placed so fittingly and appropriately as is the statue of Edwin Booth which was unveiled in Gramercy Park, in New York City, on November 13. The statue stands in full view of the home in which Edwin Booth died. By Mr. Booth's own generosity and through his love for and devotion to the profession he so long adorned, this house after his death became the home of the Players Club, and is in itself a worthy and delightful memorial to the great actor. The quiet and retiring little park in which the statue stands is peculiarly fitted for the memorial. On another page will be found a photograph of the statue which gives an acceptable indication of the dignity and excellent pose of the figure as designed by the sculptor, Mr. Edmond T. Quinn.

In accepting the statue for the Players Club, Mr. John Drew, the President of the club, spoke feelingly and truly of the great stimulus given by Booth not only to the art of the theater but to fine arts in general. Mr. Brander Matthews, in a scholarly and eloquent address, emphasized Mr. Drew's remark by declaring that it was because Booth loved his profession and because he knew that it was not good for the members of any one profession to fellowship exclusively with one another that he provided in founding the Players Club that in it the men of the theater should associate with men of letters and with artists, painters, sculptors, and architects.

It is surprising that New York has not heretofore possessed any sculptured memorial to the greatest of American actors—indeed, it is said that, with the one exception of Ward's statue of Shakespeare in Central Park, there is no statue of any actor in the whole city. It is gratifying that so admirable a testimony to Booth's fame is now achieved while his memory is still clear and undimmed in the minds of many Americans. Booth was an actor by inheritance, an actor by genius, and an actor through never-ceasing, minute study of his art.

A RUSSIAN PAINTER OF THE NEW SCHOOL

The exhibition of pictures by the modern Russian painter, Boris Anisfeld, at the Brooklyn Museum, is an interesting and significant one. It brings home to the observer the fact that in painting, as in everything that appeals to the æsthetic faculty, the old order changes.

This new school in painting aims at the expression of what may be called decorative idealism, rather than at the realization on canvas of beauty as the average layman sees it.

A landscape means to this new school, not an interpretation of fact in pleasing outlines such as an Inness or a Constable or an Old Crome may have conceived it, but a fanciful and imaginative collocation of forms and colors which serve to make an appeal to the emotions through the educated eye.

The artists who cultivate this style of expression undoubtedly have a message to convey, but it is a cryptic one and it needs sympathy and a trained taste to appreciate it.

The public more easily responds to the work of this school when it is presented in purely decorative effects as seen in the theater with the aid of brilliant lighting and the large appeal possible on the stage, than in the narrower scope of the painter's canvas.

The public's enthusiasm over the Russian scenic decorators, as represented in recent seasons in America by Bakst's remarkable productions, furnishes an illustration in point.

This enthusiasm is probably destined to pass over to the decorative paintings of this school, for their dash, brilliancy, and "modernism" give any gallery or room in which they may be displayed a touch of that radiant color which is desired by many collectors.

Boris Anisfeld, says Christian Brinton, the well-known art critic, in discussing this Russian artist's work and personality, was, in point of fact, the predecessor of Bakst and the entire school of Russian scenic decorators. He has personally designed costumes and painted scenery for several of the most important productions of the Russian Ballet. Mr. Anisfeld was born in the province of Bessarabia, away to the south, in 1879, and has devoted himself to painting from his youth. He was early regarded as an irreconcilable rebel against the traditional canons of art, and his earliest work was marked by the new spirit of subjectivism as opposed to realism. He has been an indefatigable worker and traveler, and is almost as well known in Paris as in Petrograd. He came to America last spring, leaving Petrograd amid the turmoil of the Revolution, with the pictures now on exhibition stripped of their frames for safer transportation.

We present on another page reproductions of a few of these remarkable paintings—a portrait of the artist by himself, which in conjunction with a photograph of Mr. Anisfeld fairly illustrates the decorative character of his pictures; a Russian landscape; and a symbolization of the Russian Christmas. Of course

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no monochrome reproduction can give an idea of the chromatic effects of these striking pictures. Appreciation of the work of this school of art is undoubtedly becoming more widespread, and Mr. Anisfeld's canvases will probably be viewed with interest wherever they are exhibited.

In these days, when Russia is "down," the sight of an Anisfeld picture, like the hearing of a Tchaikowsky symphony, makes us realize that the real Russia—its soul—is bound to rise and assert itself again.

HORATIO C. KING

General Horatio C. King, at one time the business manager of the "Christian Union," now The Outlook, died at his home in Brooklyn, New York, on November 15, in the eighty-first year of his age.

He was born in Portland, Maine, the son of Postmaster-General Horatio King, graduated from Dickinson and Allegheny Colleges, and entered the New York bar. In 1862 he enlisted in the Union Army, won a Congressional medal for conspicuous bravery in the Virginia campaign in 1865, and was brevetted successively major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel. When dark days fell upon the "Christian Union," of which his pastor, Henry Ward Beecher, was editor-in-chief, he left the practice of the law to become its business manager, returning to the law later. He joined the New York militia and became Judge-Advocate General, which gave him the title by which he was subsequently known. He was a lover of music and a composer, as well as author and lecturer, and often volunteered as a substitute organist for historic Plymouth Church, of which he was an active member and since about 1900 the clerk. At the time of Mr. Beecher's death he extemporized on the organ for several hours while the body lay in the church in state, a task of no inconsiderable difficulty successfully fulfilled. For the last few years he had been laid aside from active life by ill health. A distinguishing characteristic was his loyalty—loyalty to his country, his church, and his friends.

DOES THE GOVERNMENT OWN THE RAILWAYS?

A correspondent in whose judgment we have unusual confidence writes to us as follows:

> In the editorial on "The Nation at School," in the issue of November 20, The Outlook makes the statement that "the Government *owns* and operates our railways and our telegraphs;" later on it says: "Shall the Government *continue to own* our railways? or shall it return the railways to the present owners?"
>
> Are you going to let such statements stand? Does our Government *own* our railways? J. M. G.

Technically the Government does not own our railways or our telegraphs. But practically its attitude towards those public utilities is that of ownership. Legally it leases the railways and pays a definite rental for them. So far as the public is concerned, however, its whole attitude is that of a *de facto* owner. If it does not return the railways to the private owners at the expiration of the term of lease, the Government will become a *de jure* owner. This is really what we had in mind when the editorial was written.

A GOOD EPITAPH

The daily newspapers have just recorded the death of a baseball professional, "Mike" Tiernan, who was a famous fielder and batter on the team of the New York "Giants" twenty-five years ago and more. He was a favorite among the frequenters of the game and known to and respected by professionals all over the country. He never "scrapped" with the umpires or indulged in loud-mouthed protests or bullyragging, and was therefore familiarly known as "Silent Mike."

Tiernan died the other day obscurely in a New York public hospital, of tuberculosis.

One of the sporting editors of the New York "Evening Post" concludes his obituary notice of this once famous athlete with these words:

"He obeyed the rules and played the game."

A memorable epitaph! And one that would confer honor on a soldier or a statesman! A democracy all of whose citizens obey the rules and play the game is pretty sure to be a good one to live in.

THE CRIPPLED MAN AND THE PUBLIC

The responsibility of the public in its relations to the disabled men who will soon be thronging the steamers from France on the coming of peace was effectively brought out at a meeting at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City on November 11. Mr. Douglas C. McMurtrie, who is the Director of the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, operating under the supervision of the Department of Military Relief, at Washington, spoke in strong terms of the general apathy, if not hostility, of employers of labor when applied to for a job by a disabled man. He told of such a man who had made more than a thousand applications for work before he landed his job. "Always," said this man, "I was greeted in a kindly manner, sympathized with, offered a half-dollar, and told there was no place for me." Finally this man got work, made good, was elected to a public office, and is held in the greatest respect as a useful citizen and an inventor of some of the best appliances for similarly disabled men.

"When a fine, healthy man wakes up in an army hospital to find that he is without arms or legs or eyes," said Mr. McMurtrie, "a feeling of hopelessness takes possession of him. He remembers first the cripples he has seen sitting on the sidewalks at home selling pencils or shoestrings. He thinks he is doomed to that fate. Sometimes, but rarely, he thinks of the pension the Government will give him and pictures himself sitting by the fire and loafing for the rest of his life. We must rescue him from both of these prepossessions. To do this, we must, on the one hand, show him what he can do and teach him how to do it. We must, on the other hand, educate the public to look upon him as a man who can give good service in exchange for living wages and not be regarded in any way as an object of commiseration."

Mr. McMurtrie told of occupations in which the blind excel—including such novelties as the testing of gongs for clocks, and the assembling of electrical equipment. He told of the new methods of overcoming the disabilities of stiffened legs and arms—putting a man, for instance, on interesting jobs instead of giving him uninteresting gymnastic exercises. "And we must get these despondent men," he said, "in touch with other disabled men who have made good." He mentioned, besides the case detailed above, that of another man who had lost an arm, four fingers of the remaining hand, and both legs, and who had yet become prominent politically, the president of one of the largest banks in a Western State, and the father of a happy and useful family.

The old plan of letting disabled soldiers become a burden to themselves and others must be abandoned, said Mr. McMurtrie. To do this is a great work and requires the most devoted cooperation on the part of the public, not so much in the giving of money as in the changing of the old attitude of regarding a crippled man as necessarily deficient in industrial ability.

A PLACE WHERE THERE IS PLENTY TO EAT

The peoples of the war-stricken and famine-stricken countries abroad might well read with envy the description given by the Arctic explorer Stefansson the other day in New York of the ease with which one supports life in the remote Arctic. He said: "The food problem is very simple. You go out and kill animals and eat them." Stefansson is not only a great explorer, but the originator of a new theory of exploration; briefly stated, this is, "Live off the country." Formerly Arctic explorers carried large stores of specially prepared food with them and dared not go farther than half the distance the food would last. Stefansson argued that the right way was to travel very lightly, go fast, and find the main support from the country. The feasibility of this theory he has demonstrated more than once.

For the first time since his return from the Far North Stefansson visited New York recently, and in an exceedingly interesting address before the Harvard Club expanded

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

THE UNWELCOME GUEST

From the Bystander (London)

THE "INDISPENSABLE"

The Cartoonist: "Here, stop! What am *I* going to do if you go off the stage?"

THE DEPOSED KAISER

From the Sketch (London)

Bessie: "You'll have to be awful good now, Bobbie."
Bobbie: "Why?"
Bessie: "'Cause I heard father tell mother he was goin' to put in a new 'lectric switch."

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS IN HOME DISCIPLINE

From La Victoire (Paris)

Germania: "We have to give up the loot, Wilhelm, but we can't get the bloodstains off!"

THE HOUR OF RESTITUTION

From the Passing Show (London)

Male Plumber: "'Ello! Come back for yer tools?"
Female Ditto: "Good gracious, no! I've finished."
Male Plumber: "*Finished*? Bah! Jest what I allus said about you women. You never *will* be any good at this job!"

UNPROFESSIONAL CONDUCT

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his theory, illustrating it by his own experiences. Among his exploits in the Far North have been the discovery of the so-called "blond Eskimo" and the putting of five new Arctic islands on the map, together with the erasing from the map of something which was supposed to be a large island and was called King Christian Island, but turned out to be a group of three or four islets.

Because of the loss of the ship Karluk, with all its stores, Stefansson and his men were forced to put their food theory to a more rigid test than they had intended. Indeed, for the greater part of five years they subsisted almost entirely on animals and fish. On their bill of fare were polar bears, seals, reindeer, musk-ox, and wolves. Only one of the party objected to wolf meat, and that on the ground that it was against the dietary laws in the Book of Deuteronomy; the others declared that the wolf meat was the best food they had. They laughed to scorn the idea that the Arctic regions are barren, and declared that, in a sense, it is easier to make a living up in the Arctic region than in a place like New York City.

Despite the mishaps and perilous adventures of the party, they did a great deal of valuable scientific work. The personnel of the party represented seven countries, ten universities, and almost every branch of scientific knowledge. How extensive their work was may be judged by the fact that the report of one department alone—that of the biologists—will require eleven large volumes.

A DELIGHTFUL COMPLIMENT

Last week we had something to say about the propriety of the American people preserving a modest demeanor regarding their material achievements in the great war. What we as a people may justly pride ourselves upon is our spiritual contribution to the struggle. This has made a profound impression upon our European allies. The other day we were permitted to read a letter from an important member of the American Government who has just been making an official visit to Europe. The letter was written from the other side and contains the following passage:

> There could be nothing more inspiring for any American than to be in Europe at this time to witness the way in which not only the oppressed of every race but the belligerents themselves are turning to America as their guide and leader in the present struggle. Even when all allowance has been made for the language of courtesy, it is positively embarrassing to accept the multiplied evidences of this general feeling. President Wilson's ascendency is accepted—the fact not even admitting debate. I think you will appreciate the statement which was made, not by a Frenchman to an American, but by one French Minister to another. Speaking of the battle of Château Thierry, he said: "The Americans have saved Paris, and they have done it as if we did them a favor in permitting it."

No finer compliment has been paid to General Pershing and his army than is contained in this French Cabinet Minister's judgment. Our attitude at home should be the same. We should be forever grateful to the French and British for letting us share their problems and labors and victory.

THE VOTE OF THE DEAD

In Maurice Barrès's book "The Faith of France"—a book which celebrates the spirit of unity characterizing the French fighters—he recommends a propaganda for "the suffrage of the dead."

Since the beginning of the war a vast number of Frenchmen have died. What are we going to do for them? asks M. Barrès. To honor those who have been most illustrious we shall erect statues in the public squares; for others there will be the headstones in the cemeteries.

Yet how barren this seems, and how inadequate! "These dead whom we recognize as superior to ourselves and whose voices we shall hear to the end of our days—can we admit," queries M. Barrès, "that hereafter they shall remain silent and that they shall no longer be consulted in the reconstruction of the country which they have saved?"

Death has eliminated from France about one-tenth of her electoral body. This will cause disruption in dealing with public matters, affirms M. Barrès, because, in some cases, combatants and their families will now find themselves controlled by non-combatants. "How can the former equilibrium be prevented from being so unjustly impaired?" he asks, and replies, "The names of the dead should continue to appear upon the lists of electors. They will vote through the intermediary of their families."

Especially should they vote through the intermediary of the women in their families. The vote for women, as M. Barrès says, "has been up to the present time in our country the object of adverse critics over whom its partisans have been unable to triumph." But France owes homage to the wives and mothers of her heroes, for the enthusiasm of those heroes was in great part born from the courage and self-abnegation of their women. Moreover, those women, affirms M. Barrès, are worthy to use "the ballot of that soldier whose soul is one with theirs."

Hence he asks that the French electoral list be amended so as to satisfy the universal sense of gratitude and obligation due to the families whose heads have died. He claims the right of Vote of the Dead.

MERCHANT MARINE TRAINING SCHOOLS

The recruiting service of the Federal Shipping Board consists of recruiting and training of both officers and crews for merchant ships. First, it must recruit experienced men to be trained as deck or engineer officers; and, second, it must recruit inexperienced men to be trained for service in merchant crews. Following recruiting both officers and crews must be trained. Officers are trained in shore schools in navigation and engineering, and crews are given sea training on training ships at training bases at Boston, New York, Norfolk, New Orleans, San Francisco, Seattle, and Cleveland.

The officers' schools are open only to men who have had two years' actual experience at sea or equivalent service. Intensive courses in navigation are given lasting six weeks from four to eight hours daily. On finishing their courses the students go before the local steamboat inspectors at the port at which their school is situated for examination. The recruiting service has opened forty-three navigation schools. Of these some have exhausted the local supply of material and have terminated their sessions after prosperous careers. The first school of all, established in June, 1917, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been in continuous session. Twenty are now in session, with over eight hundred students. The schools are located on the Atlantic coast from Rockland, Maine, to Tampa, Florida; one is at New Orleans; four are on the Pacific coast, and three are at ports of the Great Lakes.

As to the training-ship schools, courses vary from the minimum of not less than a month to not more than two months. Here the courses are also intensive, lasting about eight hours a day. Particular attention is paid to boat drill, fire drill, seamanship, lookout, knowledge of the compass, the handling and splicing of ropes, and especially to the art of handling fuel and making steam. Indeed, the marine fireman's job is more than merely shoveling coal on a fire. The Federal Shipping Board's aim in training firemen is also to secure conservation of coal. A fireman who knows the heat value of the fuel he is handling, the laws of combustion, and the principles of operation of the boilers under which he maintains fires, can save at least a ton of coal a week, it is believed, as compared with the untrained men. As there are some seven thousand American and Allied ships in service at this time, the importance of this principle of saving is apparent. For firemen, oilers, and water-tenders, whose duties aboard ship are attended by special responsibility, a system of special instruction is employed. Men who have had experience of three months firing and on boilers of fifteen pounds pressure are trained as marine firemen for two weeks and inexperienced men a month before being forwarded elsewhere for sea training, while men who have fired six months or more on boilers of such pressure are trained as marine oilers and water-tenders.

Of course to recruit the men required under the Shipping Board's system of training it was necessary to have a large number of recruiting agencies. These were secured through the voluntary co-operation of Mr. Louis K. Liggett, of Boston, President of the United Drug Company, which controls over

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sixty-eight hundred stores in the United States. Mr. Liggett offered the use of all these stores to the recruiting service. This offer being accepted, his store managers were sworn into the Government service at a dollar a year each as special enrolling agents for the Federal Shipping Board's recruiting service. These agents began recruiting young men last February; they have enrolled nearly thirty thousand applicants for training.

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

THE second of the terms of the President's historical document now known as the "Fourteen Points" deals with the so-called "freedom of the seas." It reads as follows:

> Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

This statement by the President has been criticised as being vague. Indeed, in its instructions to Marshal Foch regarding the terms of the armistice the Council of Versailles stated that the President's announcement regarding the freedom of the seas "is open to various interpretations, some of which they [the Allies] cannot accept," and the Council therefore expressly reserved to the Allies the right to interpret the phrase after the Peace Conference begins. We do not see how the President could have been anything else but vague in his pronouncement regarding this question, for the whole world is vague in its ideas about it.

The doctrine of the freedom of the seas is a product of evolution, and has therefore been in a state of flux or transition since the dawn of modern civilization. It has never been clearly and completely defined by any statute or declaration of international law.

In olden times the seas were no more free than the land. During the Middle Ages the land was not free to passengers or travelers or commerce. One only needs to read one of the most vivid and stirring of historical novels, "The Cloister and the Hearth," to see that warfare in Europe, at a time when the universities and cathedrals and the arts and the sciences were receiving their greatest impetus, was a kind of guerrilla brigandage. No one was safe from attack. Civilian travelers and merchants were robbed and imprisoned by straggling parties of soldiers as freely as though they were belligerent enemies. On the seas there was, in fact, little distinction between privateers, licensed by government authority, and pirates.

But little by little experience showed that no commerce and industry, and therefore no national life, could progress, indeed could hardly exist, under these conditions. And gradually a code of procedure, which can scarcely be dignified by the term international law, grew up. To use a golfing term, it became, not the rule, but the etiquette of the game, to spare non-combatants and to refrain from destroying or interfering with property which did not have a direct bearing upon military operations. The first to be spared were those who were ministering to the wounded, and so it became cowardly, dishonorable, and vicious to destroy hospitals or to kill nurses or surgeons. Later, by common consent, but without any very definite declarations, private property of non-belligerent nations on land and on the sea was regarded as immune from attack. Privateering, like piracy, fell into innocuous desuetude. At the various Hague Conferences during the last quarter of a century an effort was made to put this common understanding with regard to the kinds of people and the kinds of property that were to be allowed freedom in time of war into the form of international agreements.

As a result of this evolutionary process there were certain broad lines of understanding and of practice between the nations at the outbreak of the European war in 1914. Red Cross workers and helpers of the wounded were respected; hospital ships were not fired upon; civilian passengers on neutral vessels were not interfered with; private property in transit on the sea was not captured unless it was specifically defined to be contraband, and the contraband articles were listed by agreement; a neutral vessel could be stopped and examined for contraband commodities, but, if it contained them, it must be taken to the nearest port of capture for adjudication by the civil courts; enemy countries could be blockaded, but the blockade must be an actual stoppage of entry or exit from definite ports.

Very early in the European war, however, Germany abandoned definitely and openly all these principles and practices which had grown up in an informal way out of the experience of the last two or three centuries. She publicly asserted that military necessity knows no law and that she should practice terrorism in any way she chose. At first she claimed that this terrorism was based upon the law of reprisals and that she adopted it because her enemies adopted it first. This, however, was so manifestly contrary to the facts that she soon abandoned this reason and proceeded to bomb hospitals, fire on stretcher-bearers, kill non-combatants, destroy property, and sink ships with their crews and passengers whenever and wherever she believed this procedure would aid her in reaching her military goal.

At sea this practice, Germany said, was made necessary by the submarine, for a submarine could not capture a non-combatant merchant vessel and take it into port, neither could it sink a vessel carrying contraband goods and take the crew and passengers into port, as had been done in all recent wars.

Even the law, or, more correctly speaking, the custom, of blockade was changed. In our Civil War the Union Navy kept the South from exporting cotton by closely blockading the Southern ports, but when any neutral vessel with a cargo of cotton could dart out from a harbor and dodge through the cordon of war-vessels just outside, it escaped. Great Britain enlarged the idea of blockade from that of surrounding specific ports to that of surrounding an entire country. When the United States was neutral, it protested against this modification of the blockade idea and asserted that the blockade could not be extended from the mouth of harbors out into the open sea. But this protest was soon abandoned. The result was that during the last two or three years of the recent war freedom of the seas meant that Allied and neutral vessels could sail the oceans, not because of rules or regulations, but simply because the British Navy, with the aid of its Allies, was by force protecting neutral and Allied ships from attack wherever they might be found by the German submarine or the German raider.

The Peace Conference will therefore come to this question of the establishment of the freedom of the seas, with all precedents abrogated and with an entirely clean slate, to make new definitions and new agreements for the future. When we say with all precedents abrogated, we mean all precedents of practice. There are still many moral principles regarding the freedom of the seas enunciated in history, in books of international philosophy and morals, and in international conferences, notably those of The Hague. On another page we report some of these Hague opinions.

If a League of Nations is formed by the Peace Conference, as undoubtedly one will be, one of its most important duties will be to redefine the rights of armies and navies in time of war. One of the functions of the League of Nations will be to police the world, and if the League lays down the rules of conduct of the police force those rules will undoubtedly be obeyed.

For these reasons, we believe, one of the most important and one of the most interesting and far-reaching of the functions of the Peace Conference will be to put in plain and easily understood terms a definition of the phrase "freedom of the seas" and the rights of belligerents and neutrals under that freedom.

THE PRESIDENT'S EUROPEAN VISIT

We cannot share the widely expressed doubts about the wisdom of the President's visit to the Peace Conference, which has now been officially announced. He is not going as a delegate to be constantly present and to take part in all the debates and discussions. The President feels, to quote the language of the announcement, that "his presence at the outset is necessary in order to obviate the manifest disadvantages of discussions by cable in determining the greater outlines of the final treaty about which he must necessarily be consulted."

The convening of the Peace Conference at Versailles will be the greatest international event in history. There is not a living man who would not be glad to be present either as a participant

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or an observer. It is natural that the President as one of those most deeply concerned should wish to be an active participant. This alone, if his duties and responsibilities at home can be adjusted, is motive enough for his strong desire to go; but there are still more important reasons, we believe, for his decision.

The United States is entering upon a new era in its political life. It is taking an important, if not predominant, part in international relationships. Out of an unreasonable and parrot-like repetition of Washington's phrase "entangling alliances" there had grown up in this country up to the outbreak of the European war a foolish tradition that we must have "nothing to do with abroad." The war has shown us clearly that our National life is bound up with the national lives of Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America.

Nothing could so signalize this new era and the realization of this truth as the visit of the President of the United States to an international conference in a European country. For this reason it will do the people of the United States good.

It will also do the people of Europe good. It will show them as perhaps nothing else could that we propose to work with them as neighbors in one community.

And last, but not least, we respectfully believe that it will do the President himself good. He has been sometimes criticised for trying to run things alone, for attempting to do things entirely "off his own bat," for being inclined to close his mind too much to the views of others. If there is any basis for this criticism, nothing could more effectively remove it than to have him sit shoulder to shoulder and face to face with the liberal statesmen of Europe and to hear directly from their lips their views and their policies.

This is all predicated upon the assumption that the President's visit will be a brief and personal one, and that he will leave the detailed discussions to the official delegates whom he may appoint for the purpose. We can scarcely believe that the President can be tempted to transfer the seat of Government of the United States from Washington to the American Embassy in Paris, and to transact his business as Chief Executive by couriers, despatch boats, and cabled vetoes, although rumors to this effect have appeared in Congress and in the daily press. If the President's advisers should suggest such a course to him they will find that the country will strongly and seriously object.

MERRIBELL HILL CELEBRATES PEACE

The Happy Eremite lay in bed staring at the bright patch over the top of the screen and dreamily wondering whether it meant getting-up time or was merely moonlight. He heard the children breathing beside him in deep sleep; he heard a mouse noisily making away with the woodwork; he heard a rat scampering to and fro in the attic overhead.

Then he heard something else.

Faintly and coming from afar he heard the sound of whistles blowing. Five miles away, for some reason or other, the great munition city was playing ducks and drakes with the slumber of its citizens. It was not one whistle, but a hundred; and through the whistles the pealing of bells!

"Peace, by crickets!"

The Happy Eremite sprang out of bed and crept downstairs to the telephone. "Central," for once wide awake in the small hours, told him what he wanted most to hear. "And the town's going crazy!" she cried.

He leaped into his clothes, plunged into the depths of the coat closet, and emerged with a tin horn of the children's in one hand and a megaphone in the other.

The night was clear and cold, with a lucent, purple heaven sprayed with stars and a clean-cut half-moon. He ran up the road. The scattered houses were dark.

Puffing, he stopped on the first crest and blew a stentorian blast. "Lights up! Lights up!"

Lights flashed at his call. He half walked, half ran, down a little hollow, and stopped at the crossroads. Again he set his horn, like Childe Harold, to his lips. "Lights up! Lights up!"

He ran on up the long slope to the church on Merribell Hill. He happened to know the way to the bell-rope. There should be no more sleep for the countryside that night! Puffing, he turned the last bend.

"*Clang!*" came the call of the bell in the spire. There were other folks astir on the Hill. The Happy Eremite ran breathlessly up the steep incline, into the church, and up the narrow stair. The son of the parish doctor was on the bell-rope.

"Pull!" he cried, puffing. "I'm pretending that the Kaiser is on the other end!"

They pulled together. Suddenly, "*Clang!*" sounded the bell in the tower of the Academy across the green, and "*Tinkle-tankle*" sounded a dinner-bell near by.

"It's Mame Taylor," cried the doctor's son. "Catch her missing a chance to make a racket!"

The Happy Eremite ran down the elm-arched street between the rows of dark houses, blowing his horn.

"Lights up! Lights up! Parson, get out of bed! Lights up, Mrs. Collins! Come out and celebrate, Brother Jenkins! Lights up! The war is over! Lights up!"

A window flew open. Brother Jenkins leaned out. "Go to it!" he shouted. "I'm coming with firewood!"

The Happy Eremite returned to the church. The parson, with his pajamas not altogether hidden under a hastily donned coat and trousers, was pulling the bell-rope, looking not at all ministerial but very happy. The Eremite and the doctor's son tumbled into a car and swept up the road.

"Lights up!"

They stopped at every house and invaded peaceful slumbers with the strident blast of jubilant horns. From the munition city, eastward, came the pandemonium of bells and whistles, louder than before. Up from the Sound, southward, came the blast of the siren on the rubber factory; faintly from the west came the opening chorus of another jubilee, where another city was awaking to great events.

They dashed up to the church again. Brother Jenkins was on the green, building his fire. Sally Taylor, stout, white-haired, and radiant, was coming with an armful of kindlings.

"Poor Mame!" she ejaculated. "She did so want to come out! But she got so excited she just got the shakes and had to go back to bed."

The fire blazed up.

"More wood!" cried Brother Jenkins.

The Happy Eremite snatched his megaphone. "Wake up, Merribell Hill! We—want—some—wood!"

The church bell clanged and the Academy bell clanged, and on porches here and there dinner-bells tinkled, and far off the whistles tooted clear through the crisp air; and the fire blazed up, flinging its sparkling cap off at the stars. And, muffled in voluminous cloaks that hid a multitude of imperfections, one after another men and women and girls and boys began to gather about the fire of thanksgiving on the green at Merribell Hill. Even Mame Taylor came, ringing her dinner-bell.

"I couldn't stay away with all this goin' on!" she exclaimed, vigorously. "We'll hang the Kaiser on a sour apple tree—what?"

"Hands round!" cried the Happy Eremite. They joined hands about the cracking and leaping fire, chanting a new doom to an old tune:

"We'll hang the Kaiser on a sour apple tree,
We'll hang the Kaiser on a sour apple tree,
We'll hang the Kaiser on a sour apple tree,
As we go marching on!"

They hanged the Crown Prince and "Hindy" and von Tirpitz, for good measure; and the bell in the church spire clanged joyfully, and the bell in the Academy clanged joyfully, and the fire, fed with cupfuls of kerosene, sent to heaven prodigious puffs of coal-black smoke that carried the yellow sparks roaring off into the paling sky.

And slowly over the distant city dawn came; first a whitening of the purple horizon, then a glow like a veil of shimmering dust over the retreating stars, and then the radiance spreading northward and southward and upward into the robin's-egg blue of the sky.

The jubilant ring about the fire dissolved; faces turned to the east. There was no word spoken. The church bell clanged and the Academy bell clanged, but the little group on Merribell Hill did not have it in them to break with human utterance into the slow outspreading of God's radiant symbolism.

And so it was that one American hamlet greeted the coming of peace.

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THE BALKAN QUESTION

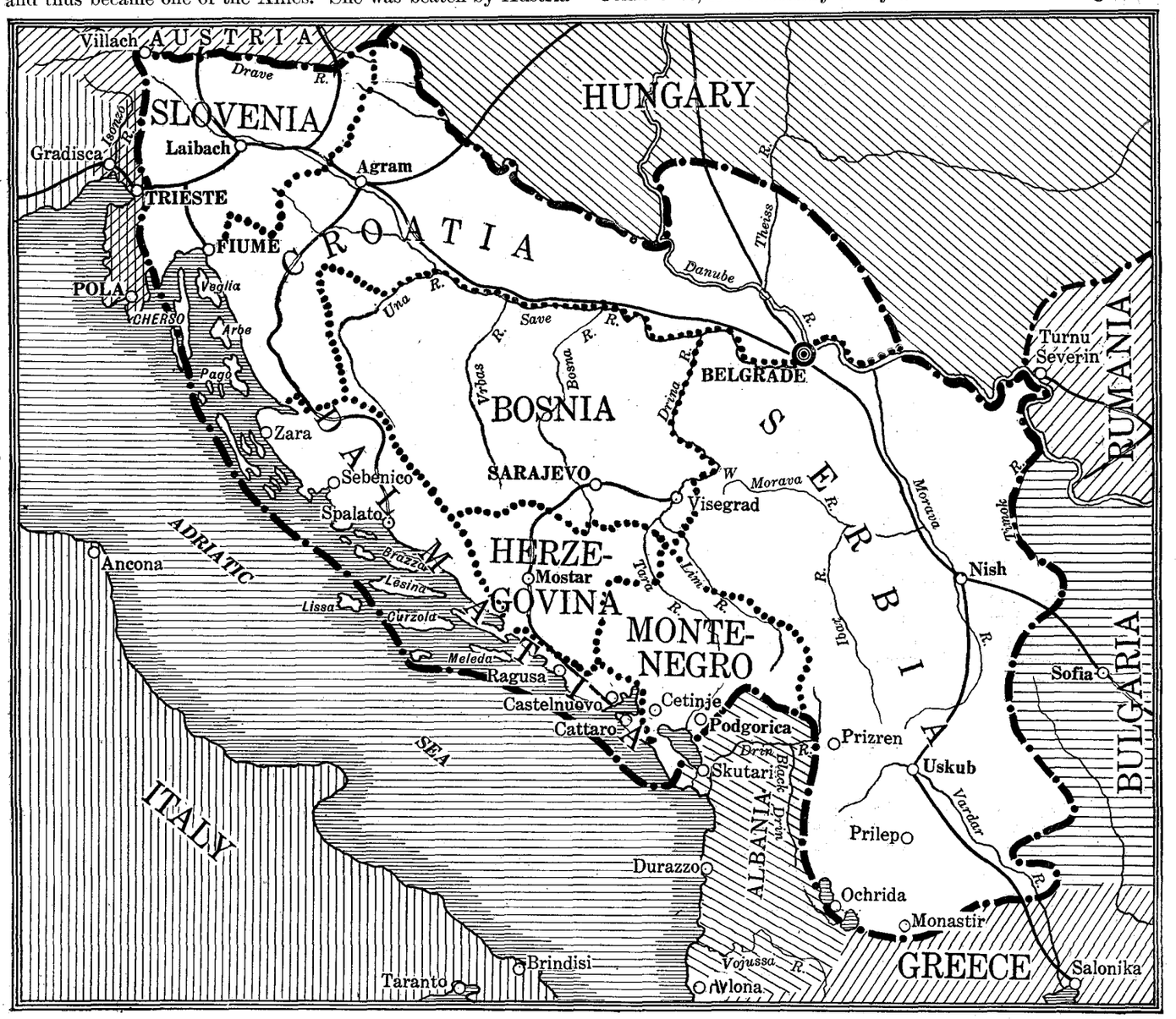
THE ASPIRATIONS OF MONTENEGRO

We have recently given some authoritative expression to the claims and desires of the people of the Balkan Peninsula. In The Outlook of October 2 a Rumanian Senator discussed the Balkan question in an interview. In our issue of November 6 a representative of Greece presented the Greek aspect of the reconstruction of the Balkans. In the following article will be found some official opinion from Montenegro.—THE EDITORS.

MONTENEGRO is a small country, a mountain country, a poor country, and yet it has a long and heroic history of five centuries. In area it is about the size of the State of Connecticut, and it now has a population estimated at about half a million people. The Montenegrins are Slavs in race and are generally Orthodox Greek in religion. In the Middle Ages Montenegro belonged to the great Serbian Kingdom, but when that Kingdom was destroyed by the Turks Montenegro established its own independence, and has maintained it, often against great odds, ever since. Mr. Gladstone once said: "In my deliberate opinion, the traditions of Montenegro [in her struggles against Islam and the Turk] exceed in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylæ and all the war traditions of the world."

This is doubtless to some extent the picturesque rhetoric of a great orator, and yet it is true in substance. The traditional heroism of the Montenegrins has been manifested in the great European war. Montenegro entered the war in defense of Serbia, and thus became one of the Allies. She was beaten by Austria and Bulgaria, and her King, Nicholas, who is the father of the Queen of Italy, was exiled to France. For the first time in our history we have now at Washington a Minister from Montenegro, General A. Gvosdenovitch, who was appointed by the royal Government of Montenegro, which now has its seat in France near Paris, thus following the precedent of Belgium, which established its seat of government and its Court at Havre when the Germans crushed the Belgians. The Montenegrins are naturally proud of the fact that the present King and his dynasty were chosen by the Montenegrin people without any pressure from the Great Powers of Europe. In this respect they claim that their dynasty is unlike that of King Constantine of Greece, or of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, or of King Charles of Rumania, who were imposed upon their respective peoples by the power of the Hohenzollern.

In order to understand clearly the aspirations of the Montenegrins and their hopes of what may come from the Peace Conference, it is necessary to say a word about the Jugoslavs,



JUGOSLAVIA

The territory which will be included in the proposed Jugoslavic Federation

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a term which has become suddenly more or less familiar to Americans. The term Jugoslavs means Southern Slavs; that is to say, those Slavs who live in southeastern Europe as distinguished from the Slavs of Russia or the Slavs of Bohemia and Slovakia, who will form the new Czechoslovak Republic. A glance at the accompanying map will show the present geographical and political divisions of those people who aspire to be united in a Jugoslavic federation. These states or provinces, some of which until recently were component parts and under the yoke of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, are Serbia, Montenegro, Herzegovina, Bosnia, Dalmatia, Croatia, and the Slovenes. The settlement of the Jugoslavic question depends upon the recognition of the rights of the states or provinces which will compose Jugoslavia. Each one of these states must have its political and geographical integrity recognized, and must be permitted to present to the Peace Conference at Versailles its own claims for justice and recognition.

Unfortunately, under the auspices of a group in Serbia, who may not unjustly be called Pan-Serbians, there was held in the summer of 1917 a conference on the island of Corfu, at which was promulgated what has since been known as the Declaration of Corfu. It was supposed to contain the political principles upon which the new Jugoslav nation should be erected. It professed to recognize the principles of liberty and popular sovereignty, but it contained, among other things, the following statements:

> This state [that is, the new Jugsolav [nation] shall be a constitutional monarchy, democratic and parliamentary, having at its head the dynasty Karageorgevitch, which has always shared the national sentiments and has put above all the liberty and the will of the people. The name of this state shall be "The Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes;" and the sovereign shall bear the title of "King of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes."

Observe that there is no mention here of Montenegro, and that the Declaration, without any popular referendum or vote, makes the Serbian King and dynasty rulers of Jugoslavia.

It is currently reported in this country that there is a group of Serbians who are carrying on a propaganda, backed by the Declaration of Corfu, both in Europe and the United States, in favor not only of the predominance of Serbia in a Jugoslavic federation, but of an actual absorption of Montenegro.

In order to get the Montenegrin point of view, a member of the staff of The Outlook recently sought an interview with the new Minister of Montenegro in this country, General Gvosdenovitch. The Minister is an accomplished man, of wide European experience, who is a great admirer of the political and democratic principles of the American people. He believes that the Jugoslavic union should be a voluntary one, and not one imposed by any one of the component states or by outside political Powers. Minister Gvosdenovitch desires to have the American people understand that what he and his Government ask is that the people of Montenegro shall be permitted to determine for themselves what their form of government shall be. In order to do this they insist upon the manifestly just claim that the political integrity and autonomous power of Montenegro shall be recognized. The Montenegrins ask that the Peace Conference at Versailles shall frown upon any attempt on the part of a faction (if there is such a faction) in Serbia to absorb Montenegro by force or by any kind of propaganda. When the political integrity of Montenegro is established and the expression of her rights is fully guaranteed, the Montenegrin people will then without question take part in a constituent assembly to form a federation of the Jugoslavic states on some such basis as is outlined in the accompanying map. As to the effect of the Declaration of Corfu upon the Montenegrin people, Minister Gvosdenovitch said this, and permits us to quote his actual words:

"The Montenegrins have no quarrel with Serbia. On the contrary, they have many things in common with Serbia—language, culture, religion. They wish to be affiliated with Serbia, but their objection to the Pan-Serbian movement is that that movement insists upon the terms of affiliation, and the Montenegrins wish to determine for their part what shall be the terms or basis of affiliation. This is the whole question so far as the Montenegrins are concerned. For this reason I regret very much the Declaration of Corfu, because that Declaration instills into the minds of Montenegrins the fear that Serbia was trying to swallow her without consulting her. As a matter of fact, the Declaration of Corfu was the greatest cause of disunion between Montenegro and Serbia instead of being a bond of union, as those who made it professed that it was."

One other thing. While the people of the United States have recognized the heroism of Montenegro not only in this war but in past European conflicts for five centuries, she and her sufferings have been thus far overshadowed by the larger but not more dramatic and tragic sufferings of Belgium, Poland, and Serbia. Montenegro, when her political rights are established, hopes that the people of the United States and the Government of the United States will help her, not merely by relief funds, but by loans, as other small nations of eastern Europe have been helped. It is announced that even Czechoslovakia, which has only just been created, while Montenegro has existed as a political entity for five centuries, has negotiated a loan with the United States. The Montenegrin people trust that the United States will hold out to them the same kind of a helping hand. Montenegro, like the other Balkan nations, has some territorial claims which she believes are just. She believes that Cattaro and the ancient city of Ragusa should belong to her, which now appear on the map of Dalmatia, but she is willing to submit these claims to the Peace Conference at Versailles, provided her authority to send delegates to that Conference is recognized, as we think it should be recognized.

The sudden collapse of Germany, the complete abandonment of the doctrine of Pan-Germanism, and the acceptance by all the world of the principle, so often reiterated by President Wilson, that every peace-loving nation must determine its own institutions, make the Declaration of Corfu as obsolete as the Treaty of Berlin. It would be a negation of all that the United States and her allies have held to most persistently and in the face of supreme sacrifices if Montenegro, little in stature but a giant in spirit, should be denied the right to exist as an autonomous state under her own name and title.

ARMENIA: GERMANY'S GUILT

THE Armenians in Turkey are intellectually and economically superior to the Turks. Their Christian civilization far antedates the Turkish Mohammedan régime. The Turkish Government has shown its hatred of them by previous massacres, but never on such a scale as in 1915.

So far as we have been able to find out, the only excuse since given by the Turkish Government for these massacres was its alleged discovery of a conspiracy among the Armenians—that they had collected firearms and bombs and had arranged, with the help of England and Russia, for a widespread slaughter of the Turks as soon as the English fleet should capture the Dardanelles!

"Surely this massacre of Armenians is not happening with German connivance!" exclaimed many, especially those who had known about the work of German missionaries in Asia Minor. Disclaimers from Germany appeared and were believed by the credulous. They were not worthy of this credence, however.

This is evident in two recently published books.[1] One is a diplomat's journal, the other a war correspondent's impressions.

As a member of our Embassy at Constantinople, Mr. Einstein spent the years from 1906 to 1909 there; also the months from April to September, 1915. These months marked the period of the Armenian massacres and the period when Germany

[1] Inside Constantinople. A Diplomat's Diary during the Dardanelles Expedition, April-September, 1915. By Lewis Einstein. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Two War Years in Constantinople. Sketches of German and Young Turkish Ethics and Politics. By Dr. Harry Stuermer. Translated by E. Allen. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

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gradually assumed such charge of Turkish governmental departments as to call forth the comment, "Deutschland über Allah."

Dr. Stuermer, a Badener, naturally never looked with Prussian eyes upon the war. For half a year he was with the army, and then, invalided, went to Constantinople as correspondent of the "Kölnische Zeitung." Now, from the safe shelter of Switzerland, he has published the present volume to show, we are glad to learn, "that there are still Germans who find it impossible to condone even tacitly the moral transgression and political stupidity of their own Government."

Both writers were indignant at what they saw of German callousness. Writing in 1915, Mr. Einstein says that "in most instances the German consuls have refused their assistance in mitigating the persecution of Armenians. They themselves have been willing enough, but had received instructions not to interfere in this from their Embassy. . . . The German Embassy is ready enough to make paper declarations for purpose of record, but with no idea of their utility." When the Armenian Patriarch appeared at the Embassy with his suite, adds Dr. Stuermer, "after some particularly frightful sufferings of the Armenian population, and begged with tears in his eyes for help from the Embassy, however late, I never saw any concern for the fate of the Armenian people."

If in later years German officialdom should seek to disclaim responsibility, the broad fact remains, as Mr. Einstein asserts, that the Germans had military direction at Constantinople, and he wrote at the time: "The Germans, to their eternal disgrace, will not lift a finger to save the Armenians." This condemnation was natural from an American. But the same judgment from a German is more impressive. It turned Dr. Stuermer from an espousal of his country's cause into a denial of it. What he had to witness for more than a year every time he set foot out of doors reached a climax one day. He writes:

> My wife came back to the house trembling all over. . . . She had heard . . . the agonizing groans of a tortured being, a dull wailing like the sound of an animal being tormented to death. "An Armenian," she was informed by the people standing at the door. . . .
>
> "If such scenes occur in broad daylight in the busiest part of the European town of Pera [a part of Constantinople], I should like to know what is done to Armenians in the uncivilized interior," my wife asked me. . . . "You are brutes, you Germans, miserable brutes, that you tolerate this from the Turks when you still have the country absolutely in your hands. You are cowardly brutes, and I will never set foot in your horrible country again. God, how I hate Germany!"
>
> It was then, when my own wife, trembling and sobbing, in grief, rage, and disgust at such cowardliness, flung this denunciation of my country in my teeth, that I finally and absolutely broke with Germany.

In long confidential reports to his paper the correspondent made clear to it the whole position with regard to Armenian persecutions, and he tells us that "the Foreign Office too took notice of these reports. But I saw no trace of the fruits of this knowledge in the attitude of my paper." He adds:

> The case is well known and has been absolutely verified of the scandalous conduct of two German officers passing through a village in far Asia Minor, where the Armenians had taken refuge. . . . The order had been given that guns were to be turned on them, but not a single Turk had the courage to carry out this order and fire on women and children. Without any authority whatsoever, the two German officers then turned to and gave an exhibition of their shooting capacities!

But the crowning proof of German compliance with Armenian extinction was found in the demand on Russia by Germany, namely, to hand over the Caucasus to the Turks. This region includes Russian Armenia, with its population of 1,200,000 Armenians. The Turks counted upon the millions of their coreligionists in the Caucasus to help them to a new Armenian massacre, if the Turks thought it desirable.

The German mask is dropped. We see the hideousness of calculated brutality. Perhaps one result will be to turn other Germans from their former loyalty.

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS[1]

THE DISCUSSION AT THE HAGUE CONFERENCE

IN 1907 a member of the editorial staff of The Outlook attended the Second Hague Conference. One of the subjects discussed at that Conference was the freedom of the seas, although the term itself had not then come into as general use as it now has. The subject was officially entitled at the Conference "The Protection of Private Property at Sea in Time of War." At that Conference the representative of The Outlook had a conversation with the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Fry, Lord Justice of Appeals and head of the British delegation to The Hague. Sir Edward, a member of the Hague Court of Arbitration, had already been Arbitrator in the famous Pious Funds Case between the United States and Mexico (1902), and was later to be arbitrator in the Casablanca case between France and Germany (1909). In the light of the present discussion of this momentous subject, that conversation has special interest.

The American traditional idea had been that, in time of war, private property should be protected at sea as it is on land.

Accordingly, in 1899, John Hay, Secretary of State, instructed the delegates to the First Hague Conference as follows: "As the United States has for many years advocated the exemption of all private property, not contraband of war, from hostile treatment, you are authorized to propose to the Conference the principle of extending to strictly private property at sea the immunity from destruction or capture by belligerent Powers which such property already enjoys on land as worthy of being incorporated in the permanent law of civilized nations."

Elihu Root, Secretary of State, instructed the delegates to the Second Conference in like spirit as follows: "It will be appropriate for you to advocate the proposition formulated and presented by the American delegates to the First Conference as follows: 'The private property of all citizens or subjects of the signatory Powers, with the exception of contraband of war, shall be exempt from capture or seizure on the high seas, or elsewhere, by the armed vessels or by the military forces of any of the said signatory Powers. But nothing herein contained shall extend exemption from seizure to vessels and their cargoes which may attempt to enter a port blockaded by the naval forces of any of the said Powers.'"

When the subject came up for discussion, it was easy to see that the principal opponent would be Great Britain. Accordingly, The Outlook's representative obtained an interview with Sir Edward Fry, so as to learn authoritatively of the British position. Sir Edward said to him:

"You must remember that our position is different from yours. England is mistress of the seas. In many wars she has been a belligerent. You, on the other hand, have generally been a neutral. It is natural for you to look at this matter from the standpoint of a neutral and for us to look at it from the standpoint of a belligerent. But some day you may be mistress of the seas yourself; who knows? History may show you to have been less a neutral in wars and more a belligerent. Then you will be more apt to look at it from our standpoint.

"You say, as a neutral, that free ships should make free goods and that all private property at sea which is not contraband should be protected from destruction. We, on the contrary, although looking at the question from the standpoint of a belligerent, also look at it from two other standpoints:

"(1) The position of an island absolutely dependent on you and other Powers for food; and

"(2) The position of an Empire which, through mastery of the seas, has spread civilization everywhere.

"As to the first, you can easily see that our very existence is at stake. As to the second, history has shown and will show

[1] See an editorial on this subject on another page.

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that our undisputed sea power has not been used, in the ultimate analysis, selfishly, but for the good of mankind. That these views are also the views of other sea Powers, with the exception of Germany, is evident from the attitude of the delegates from France, Russia, and Japan, who, from their experience in naval wars, sympathize with our views concerning the rights and duties of belligerents."

And all this from a Quaker! The Outlook's representative ventured to suggest that, by reason of her supreme naval position, twice as strong as that of any other two maritime Powers, England has nothing to fear when she is a combatant. When she is a neutral, she ought greatly to profit if the principle of the immunity of private property at sea were established, because the amount of her food supply carried in foreign ships is comparatively small.

Again, added to this fact is the other fact that England has by far the greatest amount of tonnage in fast merchant vessels.

Sir Edward admitted that British ships carry, and will carry, by far the greater part of England's supply, but, he asserted, its very amplitude must depend upon the British navy's ability to keep the trade routes open.

This seemed to be the prevailing opinion among all the British delegates, certainly an opinion very difficult to controvert. It impressed The Outlook's representative with a conviction that, however right we may be from the neutral's standpoint, Great Britain was equally right from the belligerent's.

The result proved as Sir Edward prophesied. When the question came to the final issue in the Conference, the American position was upheld by twenty-one votes. It was opposed by eleven votes. And twelve Powers did not vote. As was expected, England, France, Russia, and Japan voted "No." Germany voted on our side, but only on condition that as to the problems of blockade and contraband there should be a preliminary agreement.

Of course if contraband should be extended to cover a wider range, and if the principle of blockade should also be similarly extended, there might seem some hope of getting England and the rest into closer harmony with our own position. There was, indeed, no question, The Outlook's representative found, in the minds of our delegates, or of the British, that there should be but one policy pursued by all nations. The question remains as before: Which policy? The policy which protects the belligerent or the policy which protects the neutral?

Especially, as the Conference was establishing in principle an International Prize Court, it was hoped that the nations might come together in the preparations therefor. These preparations must define for them the principles and working rules of international law on which they could agree on such subjects as blockade, continuous voyage, convoy, seizure of contraband, visit and search, etc. Accordingly, delegates from the ten chief maritime Powers met in London (1909) and adopted a set of rules for the guidance of the International Prize Court. Of course these rules, called the Declaration of London, could not be proclaimed as law until ratified by the Powers. Our Senate advised and consented to their ratification. But without ratification by the mistress of the seas the Declaration would become an empty formula. The British House of Commons passed the ratifying bill; the British House of Lords rejected it.

And so the matter stands. As Mr. Root, in his presidential address at the meeting of the American Society of International Law (1912), said: "This is unfortunate, not merely because the rules of law contained in the Declaration are wise and just and would be beneficial to the world, but because the most promising forward movement toward the peaceable settlement of international disputes is frustrated by the kind of treatment which, if persisted in, must apparently prevent all forward movement in the same line."

THE COMING BRITISH GENERAL ELECTION

BY FRANK DILNOT

CORRESPONDENT IN AMERICA OF THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" OF LONDON

A GENERAL election is expected in England early in December [since this was written December 14 has been named as the date—THE EDITORS], and it looks as if it will come in the midst of the remaking of the world following the victory of the Allies. The election means a further step in that peaceful revolution in England which has been going on during the war.

The election will be historic—unequaled in potency and importance since the passing of the Reform Act ninety years ago. What the various decisions of the country will be with regard to personnel and policies when the war tension is eliminated is in the nature of a great riddle. The issues are such as have never before been encountered in British politics, and the factors which go towards a decision are some of them quite new and may likely enough be overwhelming.

By the time the election comes, victory and peace will probably be assured; and thus there will be little or no scope for what may be called war enthusiasm on the one hand or sectional pacifist outcries on the other. It is the new world which the people will have to look forward to, a new world of which they will occupy a part and which will be mutually interdependent in many new directions. Possessing a pretty thorough knowledge of the English proletariat, I can safely prophesy that, whatever the outcome, there will be a great wave of pro-American enthusiasm and of a desire for co-operation in every practical direction. There will, moreover, be manifested a deep, sincere, and fresh feeling for American idealism arising from America's entry into the war and the tremendous part she has played in it. Here are some of the principal topics which will be before the minds of leaders and electorate alike:

1. Details of the peace conference between the Allies in relation to the safety of British lands and peoples, the protection of British commerce and sea-carrying trade, and the extent to which in these directions co-ordination with America is possible.

2. Questions as to the transformation of the country from a war basis to a peace basis, including the readjustment and reconstruction of six or seven thousand factories, some of them cities in themselves, and the utilization of the enormous new Government arsenals and establishments which have been brought into being during the war.

3. What is to be done in demobilization in regard to the millions of soldiers who will be seeking employment and the hundreds of thousands who are injured, with all the questions of grants of land at home and assistance for emigration to the dominions overseas?

4. The question as to conscription—whether it is to be continued—a question of course dependent largely on the Allies' arrangement with regard to a League of Nations.

5. In what shape the finances of the country are to be systematized to meet the enormous burden imposed by the war, whether huge taxes shall be continued, whether there shall be any assessments on capital and to what extent posterity shall be called upon to bear the burden.

6. What is to be done about Ireland, it being regarded there as certain that the Sinn Feiners will capture the majority of seats held by the Nationalists?

These are some of the main points which must come up for discussion and tentative decision, and at once there springs to light the fact that it is a new Britain and not the old Britain which will have to make its choice both in objects and in methods.

Before the war the country was more or less equally divided between the Liberals on the one hand and the Conservatives on the other, with the Labor party, although nominally independent, a strong support in practical affairs to the left wing of the Liberals. There were a group of clever extremists (the Inde-

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pendent Socialists) belonging to the Labor movement who strenuously strove for complete detachment from either of the established parties, although, as a matter of fact, when it came to voting they were generally in the Liberal lobby. None of the Labor men as such were in the Liberal Ministry. With the coming of the war, Labor was taken into the Cabinet; and with the deepening intensity of the struggle more and more of the Labor leaders were given a share in the Government of the country. Trade-union leaders like Mr. John Hodge, Mr. Clynes, Mr. George Roberts, Mr. Wardle, Mr. Brace, and others are now an integral part of the Government, and the high capacity they have demonstrated makes it inconceivable that they and the class they represent can ever again be without responsibility in directing national affairs. Coincident with the influence of Labor leaders in the Government there has been an enormous development of Labor organization in the country, and preparations have been steadily going on to place in the field, when the election comes, hundreds instead of scores of Labor candidates as distinct from Liberal and Conservative candidates. There are about forty Labor members in the House of Commons at present. It is proposed that something like three hundred of the six hundred and seventy seats in the British House of Commons shall be contested by the Labor men. It is not too much to assume that at least a hundred of them may be elected, and it requires but little imagination to see the effect of a solid block of one hundred whose main objects will be the social uplift of their class, possibly at the expense to some extent of the privileged classes.

Then there is another addition hitherto unknown in British politics. The women have got the vote. The women voters will number from one-third to one-half of the total electorate. What is going to be their influence in the decision of the country on the various matters of supreme importance which will be before us immediately? They will of course divide themselves in support of the groups of opinion in being, but no mortal man can say to which of the groups they will swing in preponderating numbers. The Labor party, for instance, is confident that it will secure by far the larger proportion of women's votes. They will certainly get a good number of them. On the other hand, there will very likely arise propositions and policies in which women's emotions will incline in certain directions quite irrespective of party lines. And they may thus very well be able to swing the election one way or another. The riddle of the women's votes will remain a riddle until the polls are declared. There are other tendencies which must be reckoned with apart from the influence of the Labor vote and the women's vote; such, for instance, as the vote of the soldiers. They are men with a new outlook on life, with new emotions and new visions. They have been taken from the farm, the factory, the store, and the office. And the vast majority of them were placid and tenacious men with a somewhat narrow outlook on life, often enough contented to accept the lead of family tradition or of personal association in their political opinions. They are now men who have been up against the realities of life and death, who have been called for decisions of tremendous importance on their own initiative, and who are little likely to be guided by fetishes or catchwords or old predispositions. Great numbers of them certainly will never wish to go back to drab, restricted existences with no outlook beyond a bare sufficiency of wages to support themselves and their families. Others of them, numbering hundreds of thousands, who have been taken from sedentary occupations, will feel reluctance after their open-air, adventurous life to return to the desk, the shop counter, or the factory. What impulses will there be stirring among them? Will they, for example, demand new systems in Britain for occupation of the land, or will they wish for openings in the dominions overseas where physical energy and new health will open up opportunities previously unthought of?

It has to be remembered, too, that much of the bitterness and prejudice between the privileged and aristocratic classes, on the one side, and the workers, on the other, has been obliterated by the war. There has sprung up a comradeship in the face of hardship and of death which must leave a lasting mark. Many of the great estates are being utilized for war purposes. The aristocrats have given their lives with the avid gallantry which has been a treasured tradition among themselves but not believed in by great masses of the working class of recent years. No less dramatic have been the willing devotion and heroic sacrifices of the working classes themselves. Be it remembered, too, that the poor man who has gone forth with the risk of mutilation and death has had always at the back of his mind the physical suffering which must come on his family, despite Government provision, if he disappears from the ranks.

The war, moreover, has shown a conservative people like the British that ability and genius as well as bravery are not confined to one class or to one section. Officers have sprung to distinction from among the young civilians whose life and outlook have been essentially one of peace. What is more, the war has necessitated recognition of ability irrespective of class. It was only the other day that we saw in the papers the statement that a working miner from Wales, who at the beginning of the war had enlisted as a private, had reached the rank of general. That is a very wonderful thing among a race like the British, but it is symptomatic of the new order of affairs.

It is obvious, therefore, that there may easily be new groups and new parties with new impulses and new ideals when the people select a fresh House of Commons. One thing is certain—that the old order of conducting the national Government will be revolutionized; it has, indeed, already been revolutionized by the war. New leaders will probably come to the fore with new ideas. The old leaders will have to adjust themselves or will assuredly be placed on the shelf.

There is another aspect which cannot be overlooked, and that is with regard to the personnel of leadership. The war has brought together in close association old political enemies and has parted many old political friends. Mr. Lloyd George is now working hand in glove with vehement political enemies of the past, as, for instance, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, and Lord Milner. They have found a common bond in their patriotism. They have adjusted their differences to work for a common end. Will they continue to work together when peace comes? There is nothing like propinquity to intensify friendship. Will Mr. Lloyd George, the foremost radical leader of his time, form a new party with these aristocrats and Conservatives, a party which will hold aloft as its banner the advantages instead of the privileges of culture and refinement, and inscribe on that banner something which makes for Socialism? One has to bear in mind that this collection of men of whom I am speaking have during the war run England very largely on a socialized basis. The railways are in the hands of the Government, so are the coal mines, so are the manufactories, so is the shipping, and the drink traffic also to a large extent, at least so far as stringent regulation goes. If the cohesion of this group continues, how far will the Labor party support them, and will it not see dangers rather than advantages in the new prospects? That is one big question. Then there is the traditional Liberal party, led by Mr. Asquith, and still possessing full control of Liberal organization throughout the country. It is a sober liberalism which they represent—the middle path, so to speak, between privilege on the one hand and idealism on the other, carrying as its impulse a stern determination to make for steady progress, a progress which in English history has always been the more potent by reason of its spirit of compromise on methods.

So far as one can see at the present moment, the political camps will thus be three: the Lloyd George gathering, the Liberal group, and the Labor party Which is to be predominant? That apparently is the question, and it can be solved only, first of all, by the character of the issues which are to be evolved by the peace years to come, and, secondly, by the mobilization of the people tried under the furnace of war with their eyes on new vistas.

Although no information has yet reached this side, it seems to me probable that Mr. Lloyd George will go to the country with a big programme of reconstruction. He will make his appeal with the glamour of a Prime Minister who has led the nation to victory, and his electoral triumph can hardly be doubted. Equally certain is it that the proceedings of the new Parliament will have a variety and intensity unknown in modern times. It may well be that the work of the new Parliament coincident with that of the Government of America will open up a fresh phase of history for the English-speaking peoples.

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HYMN OF FREE PEOPLES TRIUMPHANT

(THANKSGIVING, 1918)

BY. HERMANN HAGEDORN

I

OUT of the depths of defeat Thou hast raised us, O God!
Our enemies came upon us, like thieves they came,
Like waters that burst the sluice, like a down-storming flood,
Like fire on the hills, flaunting to heaven the flame;
Out of the north like the invincible sea
Pounding with breaker on pitiless breaker the shore;
Out of the night like a ravisher stealthily
Tiptoeing up the stair to an unlocked door—
They crept, they came, they poured, they thundered, they beat.
We fell before them, like mowed grass we went down.
They smote us, they slew us, they trampled us under their feet;
They stretched out their greedy hands; to the coveted crown
They stretched out their terrible arms, bristling and vast.
And Thou wert with us. They stormed. And we stood fast.

Out of the arms of the grave Thou hast drawn us, O Lord!
We cried: "We will strike him here where his heart lies bare.
He called for the sword, now shall he die by the sword!
Dreamer of dreams forbidden, we come, beware!"
We came, we struck, we harried, we plunged on.
But the monster opened his arms, he opened them wide,
And in bogs and glades by craft were we undone,
And he drew us close in his terrible arms, and we died.
And he smote us again; in the lowlands, seeking the sea,
By the dunes and the dikes he charged with his intrepid hosts.
And we called the eternal ocean to fight for the free,
We called our brother, the sea, to strike for his coasts.
And the deep sea covered the fields as men cover the dead.
And the foe came on through the waters and floundered and fell;
And again he came on, singing, with lifted head,
And sank; and again he came on through the terrible
Waters of death, and we met him, and hand to hand
Fought in the ruins of homes; in the storm and the cold
We grappled, we thrust, we stabbed through that wild lost land;
And "Calais!" he cried, and "Calais!" the echo rolled.
To the ruins and blood-red waters came quiet at last.
For Thou wert with us. He faltered. But we stood fast.

Out of the Valley of Death, Lord, Thou hast led us!
By the sea we lay panting with burning eyes;
By the dunes, by the flooded fields, where the wind fed us
Despair, and day was blacker with surmise
Than ever night with storms, we crouched; but lo,
On the plains afar, on the brown fields, facing the west,
Not of dismay and imminent overthrow,
Through the day, through the dark, we made a spectral guest;
God, how we came with banners! With drums, we came!
Head high, flashing the sun back, sparkling, we came on!
Our enemy fled. Down the gray gorge of shame
He drew away as the dark draws away from the dawn.
We cried, "Now he is ours!" but lo, in the north,
Like a new spear flashing, he sprang; again; again!
And back and forth we lunged; and back and forth
Like wrestlers with bloodshot eyes who heave and strain
At the abyss's edge, we tossed panting; we sprang back;
Grappled, recoiled; grappled again; lay still;
Arms locked, eye to red eye demoniac;
Limbs lax; astir only the invincible will.
And again by the white peaks, bugles and victory-laughter,
Legions of marching men, files without end!
Death on the winding roads; slaughter, and triumph after!
Biting winds on the passes and April after
Where the winding roads descend.
God, how we came with banners! God, how they fled,
Crag to crag, leaping, stricken, down the gray slopes!

We crashed upon them like waters that burst their bed,
Like churning waters, whirling away their hopes.
"At last! At last! Now is the end!" we cried.
But our enemy thrust from the dark; terribly he thrust.
And we melted like snow from the gay, green mountain-side;
To the icy passes we fled like wind-blown dust.
And the foe plunged and came on; with thunder and flame
He cut him a highway and paved it with bones and blood;
Of eyes and palpitant hearts that knew Thy name,
God, and knew love and beauty and fatherhood,
An instrument to batter a bastion low
He fashioned him there, God; and smote us.
Dear Lord,
Who knowest all things, this also Thou dost know:
Not lightly there we yielded to Thy abhorred.
He lunged, he trampled, he plunged; he swept us aside.
We died, we rose from the dead, we died, we died.

God, in the Valley, in the gray-green canyon of Death
Thou gavest our lips water and our lungs breath;
Thou gavest our eyes sweet pictures to gaze upon;
Thou gavest our hearts sweet love to feed upon;
Thou gavest our spirits music of Thine own making,
Of daylight breaking,
And slumbering birds and slumbering worlds awaking.
Thou gavest our spirits food to eat,
Bread and apples, honey and meat,
And hands to clasp and fields to sow,
And children to fondle, as long ago.

Thou art home fires to them who gave and are done with giving.
But a ring of ten thousand chariots Thou art to the living!

God, in disaster Thou hast been near to us.
We cried, "We will strike our foe by land and by sea;
In the narrow way, by the strait gate perilous,
Where the black heart blasphemous
Camps and breaks bread with our Lord's black enemy,
We will make us a road; to his throat we will carve us a way!"
Over the sea, over the wine-dark sea,
From the ends of the earth with singing and banter gay
For the love of a ravished bride, sweet Liberty,
We came; and round us were gods and welcoming ghosts;
And the deep voice of Agamemnon calling his hosts.

Lord God, Thou knowest that we were glad to die.
Our strength, our hope, our vision of far, loved faces,
Of sweet years hand in hand and eye in eye,
And children and friends, old paths and familiar places,
Lord, these were all we had to give; we gave them;
Throwing away our dreams that we might save them.
We died in the sea, we died in the snares of the beaches;
We died in the daffodils, when their cups were red;
We died amid wails and singing and madmen's screeches
And crawling fire and under the piled-up dead.
We landed, we stormed, we stabbed, we pressed on, we prevailed;
We hungered, we thirsted, we burned, we fell back, we failed.

God, in black days Thou hast kept true to us!
Our enemy laughed; he said, "They are babes at war.
What are they, to match their swords presumptuous
With the sword of a conqueror?"
And he gathered his legions and smote us where we were weak.
With treachery and a sword, with guile and a blow,
He fell on our fields like winter and left them bleak,
He came on our cities like Judgment and trampled them low.
We stood, we fought; by the river, black with his coming,

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For a high price, we sold each drop of freemen's blood!
But our foe came on with his hordes and his vultures humming;
Like a glacier, darkly, like a slow-rising flood,
Like a plague of locusts that leaves the green fields brown,
He came; we fought in the valley, we poured death from the height;
We defied the tide; the thunder we thundered down.
But he came as the dark comes, putting out the light;
He came as death comes, putting dreams to flight.
And we fled to the mountains, we fled with our loves in our arms;
Starving and bleeding, we staggered, with Terror behind
Flaring to heaven, and around us the whirling storms
And the snow on our loved ones lost and the pitiless wind.

But our foe cried, "Fools! that die for a phantom-light!
Shatter your hearts, if you must. I stand. I am Might!"

II

God, in defeat, in the deluge of black defeat,
Thou blewest upon our courage and kept it burning.
Thou wast a light along the blackened street;
By empty chairs a promise of returning.
Thou wast the sword of Liberty, agonizing,
Thou wast the still, small voice in the battle's din:
"The wicked are caught in the snares of their own devising.
Faint not, fight on! Only the just shall win!"

Thou knowest, Lord, we fought and fainted not.
We suffered all things, hunger and cold and pain,
Death with the huddled dead, and death, forgot
In some lost crater alone with the dark and the rain;
Fever and endless obeying and digging and carrying
And slaughter and evil winds and gathering and burying.
We bore them all, for something, dim-discerned,
That in our hearts like white auroras burned.

And our enemy ravaged our fields and ravished our treasures,
And he made our maidens and golden boys his slaves;
And he slaughtered our babes and took our wives for his pleasures,
And was king by the grace of volleys and open graves.
And he sent his vultures scattering death at whim,
And his demon-ships to gather glory for him;
And the spirits of earth and air came at his nod
And blew green poisons to put out the eyes of God.

Under the beak of black hours ravenous,
God of free peoples, Thou hast been true to us!

III

And again our enemy gathered his legions, and struck.
With flashing of myriad thunders, crashing, he came on.
And the walls of our stronghold shuddered and heaved and shook,
And the solid earth churned as the sea, in the muddy dawn;
And plunging out of the dark as the waves of the sea,
Breaker on breaker, he charged the hills of the free.

And the waves came, broke and ebbed, and other waves came.
Up from the infinite deep, up the wild shore
They climbed, they broke in a crackle of fierce flame;
They surged, they shuddered, they crumbled, they were no more.
And out of the wallowing ground like the dead, emerging,
Through the fog and the snow the gray-green waves came surging.

And our bodies grew faint with slaying, our eyes grew dim,
And our strong walls sprang in the air and fell and were dust;
And nearer and nearer the hills' shot-shattered rim
The seething deep his terrible fingers thrust.
And giddy and sick we faced the charging mass.
"They shall not pass, dear God! They shall not pass."

Friend of the free, when man's weak barriers fall,
Thou art a wall, great Lord, Thou art a wall!

And we struck our enemy, struck to east and to west,
Struck on the sea, struck in the huddled town.
The darkness we gave no sleep, the silence no rest,
Pity no bed to lay her weariness down.

And the battle boiled and seethed and bubbled and fell
In the rocking cauldron over the coals of hell;
And the breath of a hundred valleys went out in thunder,
And a thousand villages crumbled and were plowed under;
And the strong were afraid and the weak met death with a shout;
And gods, like an empty lamp, sputtered and went out;
And shapes rose out of graves and dragged at kings;
And hands in the dark broke the bright bubbles of kings;
And loud and wild on the uttermost crags and coasts
Ebbed and flowed the supplications of ghosts.
And hate the sower was choked by a world of haters;
And monstrous offspring sprang on their own creators;
And high seats toppled and proud kings begged for bread;
And golden banners flared to the dawn, blood-red;
And nations died and nations rose from the dead.

And once more our enemy flung forth his legions; once more
With thundering mouths and drums and clattering swords
And mad-eyed Terror with torches running before,
He came, he came with his hordes!

And he beat against us; with iron hands from our heights
He hurled us down; from our valleys on waves of blood,
Terribly on, through the days and the red nights
He swept us like a flood.

And the snake in the covert hissed, "Break and flee!"
And the jackal barked in the dark, "He hangs at your throat!"
But Thy children lifted their heads, remembering Thee,
And stood, and turned, and smote!

Lord God of high heaven, shield and sword of the free!
Splendor, defender of light and liberty!
Arms to the weak of arm, eyes to the dim of eye,
Comfort and confidence to them that go to die!
Confounder of tyranny, smiter of perfidy,
Uplifter of burdens fallen on the way to Thee!
Breaker of snares, blunter of swords,
Terror and turner of infidel hordes,
Pursuer of the foes of light, harrier of the unjust,
Trampler of the rebellious with hoofs in the dust!
Driver with whips, driver with scorpions,
Driver with thunders terribler than guns,
Dropper of bursting fire on the hearts of the proud,
Blower of biting death on the hopes of the haughty-browed—
Our enemy is shattered,
Our enemy is flown!
His charging hosts are scattered,
His towers are overthrown!
His trumpets trumpet vainly
To stay the last retreat.
The monstrous beast ungainly
Lies at Thy conquering feet!
Saviour of freedom, preserver of the right!
Redeemer of nations, sweeper-away of night!
Bringer of morning, bringer of air,
Kindler of laughter in ashes of despair!
God of high heaven, lodged in the hearts of men,
Triumphant Love, lighting the peaks again,
Giver of liberty,
Thy daughters acclaim Thee!
Preserver of liberty,
Thy sons bow down to Thee!
Keeper of the stars, Thy freemen
Bring home their banners to Thee!

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VIVA IL RE!

BY GINO C. SPERANZA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN ITALY

THE national game of Italy is *Conversazione*. Any number of persons can play it—from two upwards—and no special training is necessary, as every Italian is a born conversationalist. It can be played standing, and then it doesn't cost anything—just walking up and down the street with a friend, stopping every minute or so to make an oratorical inning and scoring with the effectiveness of gestures as well as with the force of logic or eloquence. But it is played best sitting; and even then it does not cost much—three cents on a wooden bench in an *osteria* with a glass of good wine thrown in, or five cents on a plush settee at a café even in these days of war, a penny tip to the waiter, and the right to occupy your seat for the rest of eternity.

The military love this game no less than do the civilians, and even wounded soldiers—if fever does not interfere—prefer it to any other form of entertainment, yes, even to the gramophone or a heavily nicotined *mezzo toscano* received from the dainty hands of some bright-eyed Red Cross nurse.

It is with the knowledge of such predilection that I have often thought that the American hospital in Florence, though housed in a building some centuries old, must have been really planned as a *posta di delizia* (as the villa gardens are described in the old books) for just such men as the soldiers of Italy who to-day are brought there to be made sound, useful, and happy citizens again. It is, indeed, an ideal place for the game of *Conversazione*, no matter in what stage of surgical treatment the players may be. Even those who cannot move an inch because of broken bones or rent tissues can play the game there, because the wards are just big, sociable rooms with the comfortable white cots close enough to allow all the moves of the game; or they can be carried down on stretchers to the garden and ranged around the "field," where they can play it in the sun. And the convalescents can come close to the real thing when they sit around the tables in the big reception-room, smoking cigarettes which they get free except for a smile and a "*Grazie, signorina;*" and there, in the absence of any other start, the ball can always be sent flying by some one asking why the big flag on the wall has thirteen stripes and forty-eight stars.

It was my privilege to play the game occasionally in Surgical Ward V of this hospital. Of course I was a poor hand at it compared to those Sicilian *bersaglieri*, Sardinian infantrymen, and brave grenadiers and Alpini from the north of Italy; but my foreignness added zest to the game, internationalizing it, as it were.

One day—it was a sultry, depressing Florentine summer afternoon—Ward V looked as if it needed toning up. It would not even play tombola, which soldiers coming to a major operation find a vitalizing and agreeable pastime. I started all sorts of debatable subjects without working up any zest. I was near the end of my rope when I happened to ask, "Has any one of you seen the King at the front?"

Half a dozen men instantly spoke up: "I saw him at Gorizia!" "He was at Pal Piccolo!" "We met him coming from Asiago!" "He came one night to our trenches!"

The situation now seemed promising. I told the men that I was very much interested to hear what they had to say; that I too had seen the King years ago at his home in the Quirinal, and only a little while since in the Trentino, and would they not, one at a time, tell me what they knew of *il Re?*

They insisted, however, that I should tell my stories first, and settled back quietly on their cots while I tried to think up all the tales I had heard about Victor Emmanuel III.

"It was early in the war," I began, "when the King went to inspect a telephone station which was hidden away in a bit of woodland well up near the first-line trenches. It was a hot day, and his Majesty, after looking over the post and talking to each man, sat down on the grass and leaned back against a tree; but a sharp knot near the base of the tree-trunk made resting uncomfortable. So one of the soldiers got an ax and walked up respectfully and asked if he might chop off the offending knot. The King, smiling, consented, but, seeing that the soldier was very awkward as a wood-chopper, got up and said: "Here, *ràgazzo*, give me that ax. I'll show you how to handle it," and with one skillful stroke he smoothed the trunk clean. Now they call it "*l'albero del Re.*"

My story was received rather coldly; it was evident that the men wanted stronger wine. So I went on with a tale of another kind. "It was at a field hospital in the Trentino," I recounted, "and many badly wounded soldiers were being carried in as the Austrians had just made a violent though unsuccessful attack on the Italian trenches. The King came in under the big tent and walked around speaking to the men waiting their turn for the surgeons' attention. In a little while the stretcher-bearers carried in a *bersagliere*—a fine young, strong-looking boy whose right leg was all crushed and seemed to be held to the trunk by only a few shreds of bleeding flesh. The wounded soldier's face glowed with fever and excitement, and, as he saw the King, he instantly said, pointing to his cruel wound: 'For you, your Majesty,' and he said it not at all with regret or sorrow, but as if he were glad to have something to give to his King. Victor Emmanuel looked at the *bersagliere* very seriously but ever so kindly; then he raised his hand to his cap, giving him the military salute, and said: 'No, my son; not for me, but for Italy!'"

This tale met with much greater favor from my audience, but I could see that some of the men were getting excited with the wish of telling their own stories about the King, so I said that some one among them must now take a turn and relieve me a while from talking.

"I didn't see the King myself," began one of the men without further urging—he was an artilleryman from Piedmont, a powerful chap nearly seven feet high who would never again walk without a crutch—"but a *paesano* from my town told me this true story about him. My friend was orderly to an artillery captain, and one day he went off with his officer to examine a newly placed battery which the King was expected to come up to inspect. All of a sudden, while the captain and my friend were there, the Austrians got the range and began a lively fire. A shrapnel ball hit the captain, who, as he fell, shouted to his orderly to run and save himself. The artillerymen got into a panic and some of them began running back, not even minding passing the King's motor, which had just come up. Of course my friend stood by his officer and tried to stanch the blood from his wound, but the captain was fast dying and the orderly was so heartbroken and excited that, seeing the men running away and hearing the horn of his Majesty's motor sounding farther and farther away in the distance, he grew rather desperate, and, throwing himself over his captain's dead body, shouted aloud, 'Even the King leaves us!' He had hardly said this when some one touched him on the shoulder, and, turning around, whom should he see but the King himself standing there quietly as if there were no shells bursting about. The orderly rose, stood at attention, shaking in his boots; but Victor Emmanuel said to him: 'My son, the automobile has gone, but the King remains with his soldiers!' And my friend and his Majesty sat beside the captain's body until the stretcher-bearers came and carried it away."

Aldo Monsu', a Sardinian, who was the worst wounded of the lot, with an injury to his spine, looked as if he could not wait another second to tell his tale, so I gave him the next turn.

"I saw it with my own eyes," he burst out with pent-up fervor, "and heard it with my own ears. We were having our *rancio*, and the King came up and looked around to see that everything was in order. Then he noticed a territorial soldier, much older than the rest of us, sitting apart without touching his food and looking very sad. The King walks up to him and says, simple-like: 'Art thou sick, or dost thou not like the

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rancio?' to both of which questions the soldier shook his head. Then his Majesty asks, 'What ails thee, my son?' and the man answers so he could hardly keep back the tears: 'Sire, when I left home, one of my three children was very ill. I've had no news about him for nearly a month.' Now could you guess what the King of Italy then said? Well, these are his words: 'I understand thy worry; the thought of our children never leaves us, does it? But thou shouldst not waste thyself with anxiety simply because no letters have come; it's a week that I don't hear from home, either, and I'm a father—with a good promising son, too'—would you believe it? And then and there the King calls one of his aides, orders him to take the name and address of the family of the territorial and to telegraph them at once in the King's name for news of the little boy."

There may have been something more to the story, but Monsu' now let his head fall back on his pillow, exhausted with the excitement that the vision of the scene had stirred within him. Perhaps he was one of those primitive shepherds of Sardinia for whom the great war had meant little until one day some one had told them of *Italia Irredenta* as a land of the King which the Austrians were forcibly holding from his lawful enjoyment. Then those somewhat frail but indomitably plucky Sardinians had gathered around the flag "to wrest from the robbers the lands of our King."

The men, it was clear, were getting tired; the little flame which had stirred them into a semblance of strength was growing faint. A new peacefulness was soon resting on Ward V. The sapped vitality of these soldiers had quenched even the ardor of their patriotism; most of them now lay very still and some had fallen asleep. They were so quiet—these—so contentedly relaxed under their white coverlets in an ease and comfort that probably most of them had never known, that no doubt they were dreaming royal dreams.

I left them to their slumbers and walked off into the Fiesolian country, trying to piece together the impressions of these humble men concerning their sovereign and companion at arms with my own slender personal impressions of Victor Emmanuel III, endeavoring to form in my mind some definite picture of this undoubtedly the most beloved "ruler" in Europe. The judgment of monarchs, I thought to myself, cannot be left any more to the verdict of history; most of them have ceased, and all of them will cease after this war, to exercise any real political authority. The Italian constitutional formula is, "The King does not rule, he reigns"—an excellent distinction honestly lived up to by the present head of the Italian state, but a distinction which divests monarchy of all its power to affect the destinies or the history of its people. Yes, the verdict of kings to-day can only be the verdict of their contemporaries—not certainly of those within the Court circle, but of those people of varied classes and conditions with whom a modern constitutional monarch in our times comes into almost daily democratic contact.

I had met the King of Italy some years before in one of those half-hour *vis-à-vis* which are too hedged in with restrictions to make them really interesting; and yet even in those trying circumstances this descendant of the oldest royal stock in Europe had seemed a very unassuming, clear-headed, modern-minded man. I had also seen him again at close range, stepping out on the balcony of the Quirinal in answer to the frenzied cheers of the Romans when to the shouts of his people of "*Viva il Re!*" he had reverently yet very simply kissed the flag of Italy. And I had seen him more recently at the front, grown older looking, dressed in the fatigue uniform of a general, walking pensively down a road which the Austrians were shelling, but stopping every *camion* which caught up with him from the fighting line and asking very definite and precise questions of the men driving them as to what they had seen in the places from which they came.

But all this meant very little indeed; it was the merest outline for a true picture, and so that day as I reached home after a long tramp in the hill country I was still without a distinct conception of the personality of the real Victor Emmanuel III.

Some time afterwards, however, the fortunate chance came to me of passing several pleasant hours with a distinguished Italian who knew the King well and to whom I could speak very frankly. He was not a courtier, nor even the recipient of unusual royal favors, but a good judge of men, a thinker, and a critic who had had frequent opportunities to come into human, rather than official or political, relations with the sovereign. And this, after a long, quiet, almost intimate conversation, is the portrait of the Savoyard monarch which this man painted for me.

"The King is a man of precise facts," he began. "He could, for instance, make a map of the siege of Gorizia in sixteen something, tell you exactly where the Venetian artillery was placed and where the Imperial troops were stationed. A day out of the way is impossible to his saturated but well-divisioned mind. A millimeter out of the way in the design of an ancient coin will make him decide unerringly against a claim of its age not properly its own."

I frankly said that all this, though excellent, might make Victor Emmanuel simply a pedant.

"Yes," agreed my friend; "but if you want to describe the King's nature by a single word, the nearest to true descriptiveness would be to call him not a pedant, but a saint. Here, again, however, it is easy to misunderstand. I do not mean religious sainthood—one has never heard him mention God. I mean, rather, the asceticism of his character and a mysticism which is wholesome because it is practical and human in its visions. The Savoyard stock has had its good saints and its great captains, as you know; well, the King's asceticism is that of a soldier, or at least in harmony with and complementary to a real soldierly character. This abnegation and soldierliness produce a sense of duty in the monarch which is both profound and spontaneous. To-day at the front the King is essentially a soldier with the sense of duty of a soldier. His presence is militarily unnecessary; he attempts no leadership, but his great topographical and historical knowledge is of much use to the Staff conducting operations. Of course what counts most is his presence, or rather his *life* at the front, as an example. He has none of the comforts of his generals, or even of many of his colonels; and this, not from any desire to pose, but because he is a soldier and not a leader. He sleeps on a camp bed even when he sleeps in a villa—these are small but not useless details—and eats at a table covered with oilcloth, taking two courses, at most, like the *rancio* of his soldiers. War has changed in methods and character; the present King's grandfather could ride in the midst of his fighting soldiers and make a paintable picture, but the present sovereign addressing his troops would make an unimpressive figure. But there isn't a hospital at the front which he has not visited, and his relations with stricken soldiers are those of a comrade."

My friend paused to see if I had anything to ask, and I promptly availed myself of this privilege. "The American conception of kingship," I said, "is of two kinds. Americans know the type of kings against whom they turned and from whom they and many liberty-loving people have rightly shaken themselves free, and they know the more modern type of kings, such as are seen through glimpses of court life, and who are either gilded puppets at their worst or genial and courteous personalities at their best. The history of the United States, you see, knows no king; kingship, indeed, is so foreign to our life and institutions that somehow it does not seem to us quite real."

"I understand perfectly well what you mean," answered my friend after a thoughtful pause; "but with us in Europe kingship is inwrought, as it were, in the history and in the sequence and development of events, not only in the statecraft but even in the civilization of Europe. Perhaps Americans would understand why kingship—the Savoyard kind—seems almost the natural thing for us if they could realize what it means to Victor Emmanuel himself."

I pressed him for greater clarity, and he musingly went on: "Italy is a *reality*, not a concept, to the mind of the present King, a substance rather than a creed in the field of ideals. When the soldiers shout '*Viva il Re!*' the King shouts '*Viva l'Italia!*' If he feels part of it, it is not in that of personal importance; he is deeply conscious of his kinghood, but not as something so much his own as Italy's. He has been accused of lacking in initiative, but it is a profound sense of his constitutional limitations which handicaps him. Clear-sighted, well

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equipped, and well informed as he is, yet if his Prime Minister, supported by a parliamentary majority, came to him with a plan totally at variance with the sovereign's own views and convictions, the monarch would unhesitatingly bow to the Government of which he too, though King, is a subject."

I could see that my friend, generally cool and constrained, was speaking with mounting emotion and sincere devotion.

"More splendid," he went on slowly, "is the King's *spiritual* sense of duty towards the country over which he reigns. If it might appear—which God forbid!—that the death of the sovereign would help Italy to victory, if it brought her troops nearer to the national goal or would save a regiment of her soldiers from defeat or suffering, Victor Emmanuel III would go to his death with a directness and matter-of-factness superb in their simplicity. He is part of history, but the history of Italy is greater—though inextricably a part of the history of its Savoyards."

The portrait seemed complete. We sat long and silently studying its every line; and, though he was a royalist and I a republican, we both gazed upon the picture with affectionate respect.

SOUVENIR

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

A vanished house that for an hour I knew
By some forgotten chance when I was young
Had once a glimmering window overhung
With honeysuckle wet with evening dew.
Along the path tall dusky dahlias grew,
And shadowy hydrangeas reached and swung
Ferociously; and over me, among
The moths and mysteries, a blurred bat flew.

Somewhere within there were dim presences
Of days that hovered and of years gone by.
I waited, and between their silences
There was an evanescent faded noise;
And though a child, I knew it was the voice
Of one whose occupation was to die.

THE COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE AS A POLICEMAN

HIS WORK IN THE SUPPRESSION OF THE TRAFFIC IN MOONSHINE WHISKY, "DOPE," AND COUNTERFEIT BUTTER

BY THEODORE H. PRICE AND RICHARD SPILLANE

WAR *communiqués* are not confined to the fighting front in France nor the Balkans or Syria. We have a fighting front in America, for America has her own little war at home.

Every day or two there is a message received at the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington that reads somewhat as follows:

> In raid yesterday at Blank, John Blank was killed resisting capture and one of his party wounded. Deputy Blank was shot through the leg and Sheriff Blank injured slightly.

For the last four months the Government has been waging war on the moonshiners on a scale greater than ever before in our history. At present the engagements are confined to the mountain districts of Tennessee, Alabama, North Carolina, and the Appalachian country generally, but they are expected to embrace in time most of the country. Since June 1 of this year more than five hundred illicit stills and distilleries have been seized and destroyed. Scores of men have been killed, scores too have been wounded. More than two hundred men have been captured, and prosecution has been recommended through the Department of Justice against nearly five hundred offenders. The dead include moonshiners, sheriffs, and deputy sheriffs. The wounded include lawbreakers, Government agents, and officials of the State. Among the men captured have been many deserters from the United States Army, mostly sons or relatives of the moonshiners. Nearly fifty thousand gallons of whisky has been seized and destroyed, and the value of the property, including illicit stills and distilleries, seized by the Government amounts to more than $100,000. The property taken over by the Government embraces not only stills, but automobiles, mules, wagons, and raw material for the manufacture of whisky. Among the goods seized there have been more than thirty thousand pounds of sugar.

For more than a hundred years the Government has been engaged in an effort to suppress illicit distilleries. The whisky war in Pennsylvania makes a colorful page in our early National history. Scores of novels have been written around the romantic lives of the moonshiners. There has been not a little sympathy for the moonshiner. He has been pictured as a mountaineer far removed from the town, a rugged character from the hill country, living a simple life, who raised a patch of corn, and with crude devices manufactured out of the corn a little whisky for his own use or for his neighbors' use, his neighbors usually being scattered miles away over the sparsely populated country. The moonshiner could not understand why he had to pay revenue to the Government for the juice of the corn when he raised the corn on his own little patch of ground and got no money from his crop. To be sure at times the mountaineer sold a little of his fiery liquor, but what he got for it was only a pittance. In addition, there is always reluctance to pay taxes. Few persons pay them with good grace. Intermittently for more than a hundred years the Government has invaded the mountain districts, stamped out stills here or there, and sent a moonshiner or two to prison; but, despite every effort that the Government has made, moonshining has endured.

There is no romance in moonshining to-day. It is commercial, demoralizing, and, as such, is far more threatening than ever before. It is because of this that Daniel C. Roper, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has organized what is known as the "Flying Squadron" to combat the evil. This Squadron was organized in the Nashville division June 7, 1918, and was composed of fourteen men. Colonel Daniel Porter, formerly of

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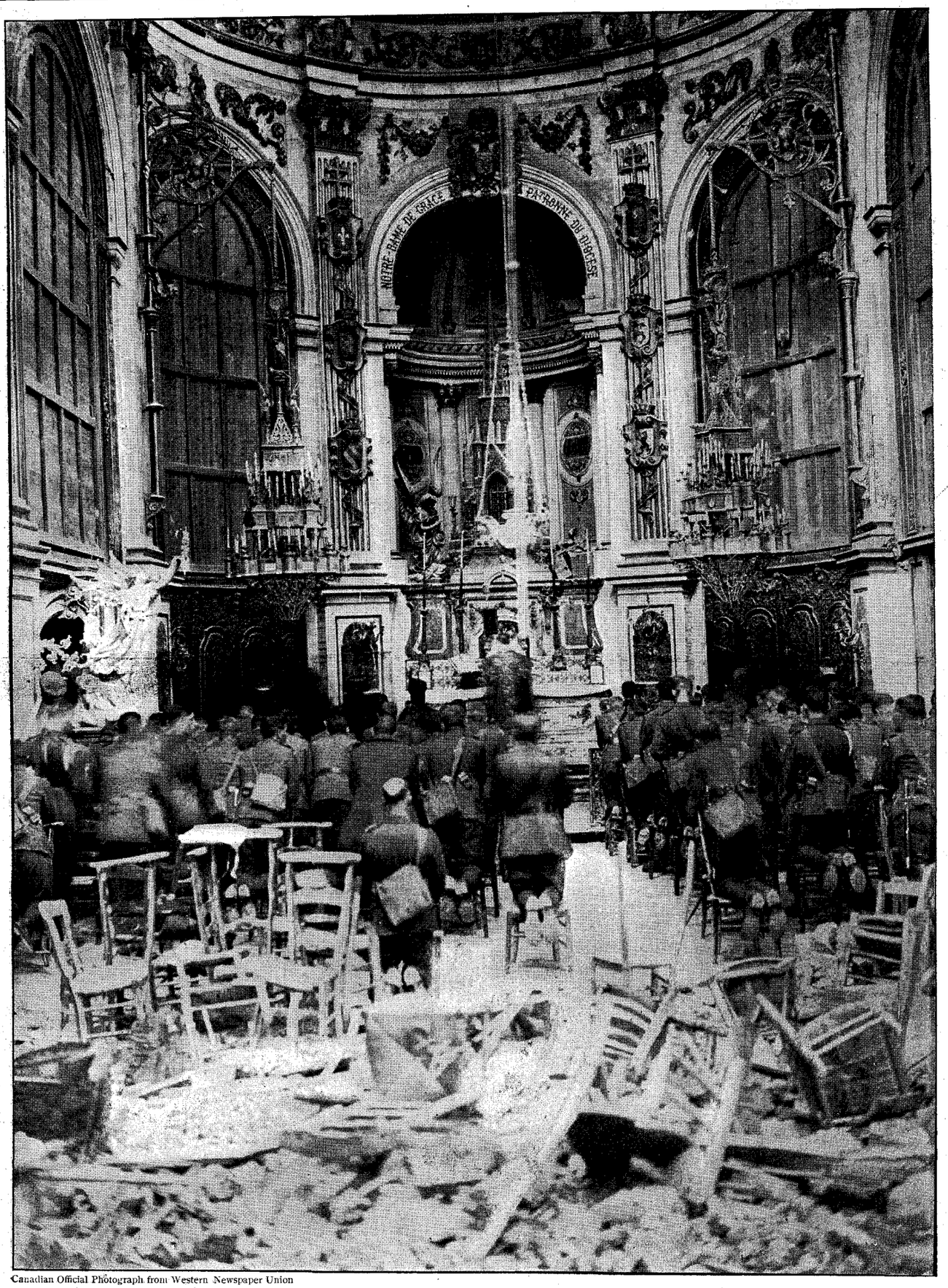
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



Canadian Official Photograph from Western Newspaper Union

THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL AT CAMBRAI, FRANCE, FOR THE DELIVERANCE OF THE TOWN FROM THE GERMAN INVADERS, ABBÉ THULLIEZ OFFICIATING

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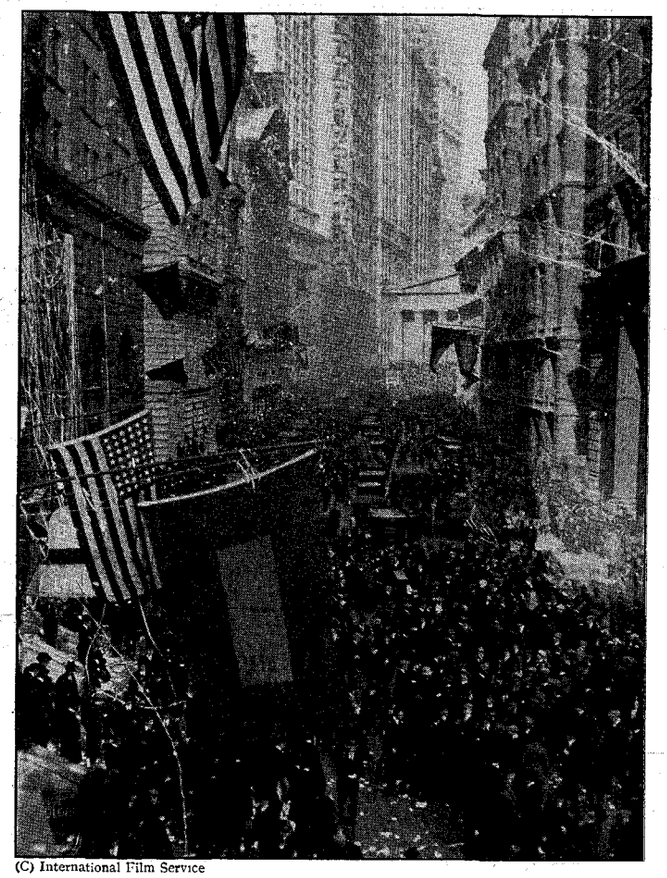
(C) Underwood & Underwood

A MEMORIAL STATUE OF EDWIN BOOTH AS "HAMLET"

This life-size bronze statue by Edmond T. Quinn was recently unveiled in Gramercy Park, New York City, near the home of the Players Club, founded by Mr. Booth. The children seen in the picture are great-grandchildren of the famous actor



(C) International Film Service

CELEBRATING THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE

Vast crowds filled New York's streets to celebrate the dawn of peace. The scene pictured, near Broad and Wall Streets, was typical of many throughout the city and Nation

Paul Thompson

THE PEACE CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK CITY—GIRLS DANCE FOR JOY NEAR THE CITY HALL

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KAISER WILLIAM OF GERMANY

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY

NICHOLAS II, CZAR OF RUSSIA

EMPEROR CHARLES OF AUSTRIA

KING CONSTANTINE OF GREECE

KING LOUIS III OF BAVARIA

KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA

KING WILLIAM II OF WÜRTTEMBERG

KING FREDERICK AUGUSTUS III OF SAXONY

A FEW DISCARDED KINGS

The world is indeed now becoming "safe for democracy," when so many autocratic rulers in Europe, as represented in the above photographs, have felt obliged to renounce their crowns, most of them because of German affiliations or German intrigue

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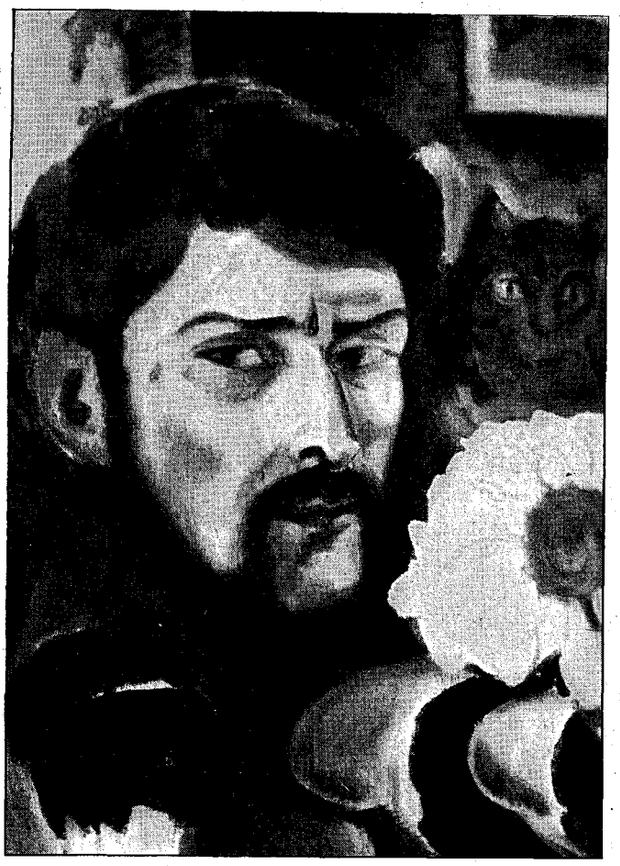
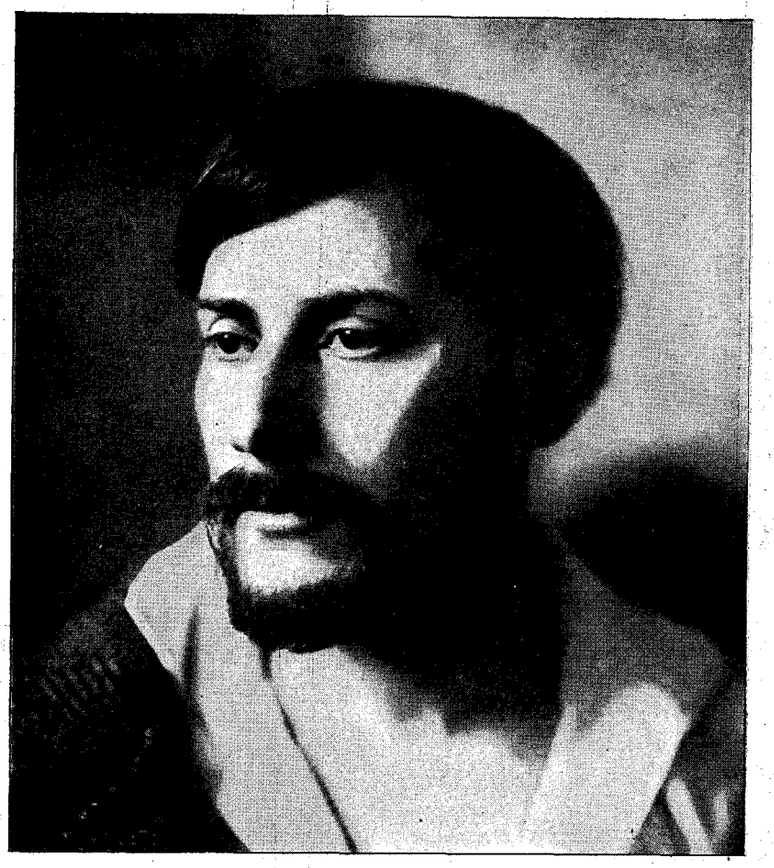
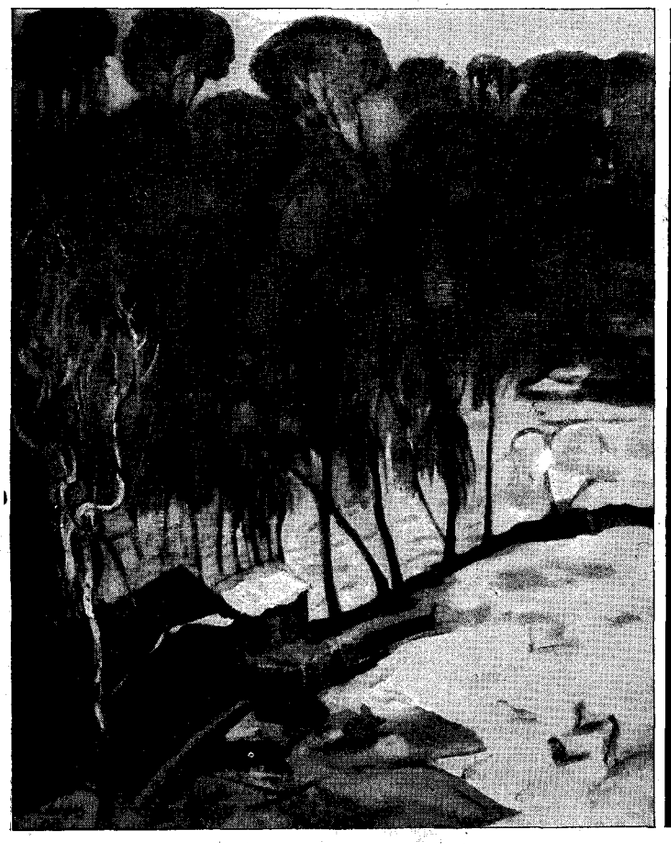


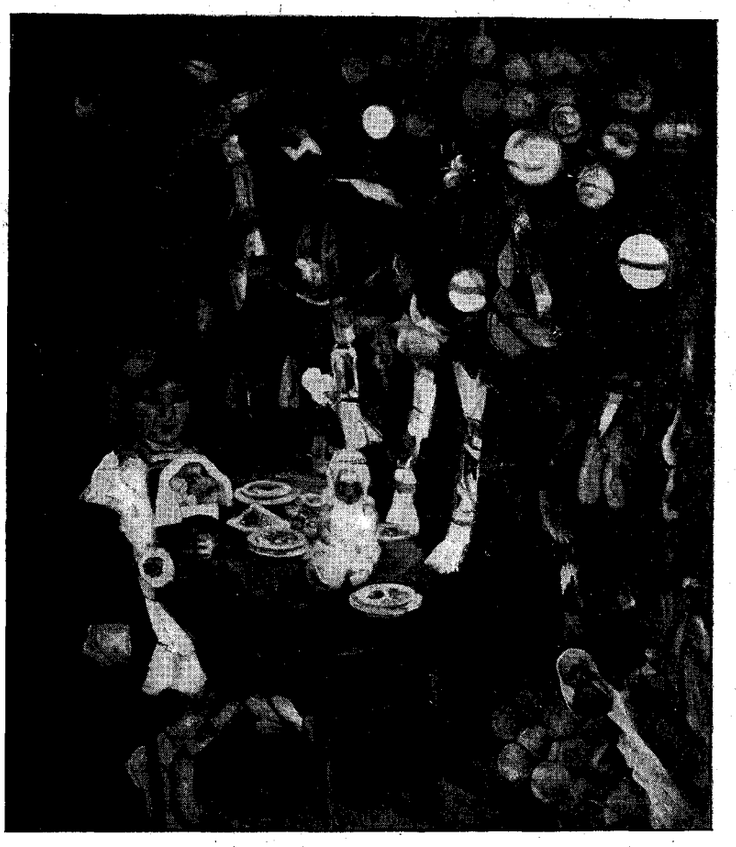
THE ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF HIMSELF



A CAMERA PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST



EARLY SPRING, PETROGRAD



"CHRISTMAS"

EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF BORIS ANISFELD, A RUSSIAN ARTIST NOW EXHIBITING IN AMERICA

A number of Mr. Anisfeld's paintings and water-colors are now on exhibition at the Brooklyn (New York) Museum. See editorial comment on this exhibition and the tendency it represents

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the United States Army, but now of the Internal Revenue Service, selected and trained the men. The Squadron has become a considerable body. It now includes approximately a hundred men. The recruits are drawn as needed from the sheriffs and their deputies in the counties into which the Flying Squadron sweeps. Its ranks automatically swell or shrink as emergency requires. It is ever on the move. It is ever training new men for its service. It is a little West Point out of which the commanders for the big fight that is coming will be developed. The Flying Squadron has engaged in some Homeric battles in the last few months, but the Internal Revenue people are unwilling that the details of these fights should be made public. They want no more than is necessary to be known about the men who compose the Flying Squadron. They plan to keep the enemy in ignorance of their numbers and their movements.

It costs but little to make whisky, for not much apparatus is necessary. In a crude still made out of a copper vessel, from which issue the coils of the pipe we know as the "worm," with a barrel or two of water for cooling purposes, a moonshiner can cook his corn and sugar and make a whisky as potent as any that comes from the biggest distillery in the land. The making of the stuff is less difficult than its marketing. This has to be conducted most carefully. The market has been so developed latterly that illicit whisky is to-day distributed through secret channels over all the dry territory of the South. The moonshiner and his associates get such tremendous profits out of what they sell that if they can go on unmolested for six months or a year they can make a fortune. A few years ago the tax on whisky was a dollar a gallon. Under the new law it is eight dollars a gallon. In some sections of the South that are dry, or supposed to be dry, whisky sells to-day for four dollars a quart. In some of the prohibition States the moonshiner, the bootlegger, and the blind-tiger man have not been altogether unsuccessful in evading the law, and their activities are far more demoralizing than when whisky was cheap and illicitly produced for home consumption only.

When in 1917 we entered the war and prepared for the training of the Army that is now in France, one of the first thoughts the men at the head of the Government had in relation to the camps was to locate them as far as possible in sections of the country where the men would have little opportunity, even if they had the desire, to obtain liquor. Necessarily, most of the camps had to be in the East, not far from the ports through which the soldiers would be shipped abroad. Necessarily, the camps should be situated where the climatic conditions were favorable, where the winters were comparatively short, where the fuel needs would be minimized; for we have a scarcity of fuel for general purposes in America just now. The South got most of the camps. Most of the Southern States are dry. Every precaution seemed to be taken to safeguard the men from temptation, and yet in a short period after the establishment of the camps it was discovered that liquor was pouring in. There was great danger that those of the boys who had an inclination for whisky might become demoralized. There was more drunkenness than could be explained. There was a laxity in some quarters that was hard to understand. Men overstayed their leaves of absence; others came back much the worse for wear; desertions began to increase.

A little investigation showed the channels through which liquor was getting into the camps and into the districts around the camps. Agents of moonshiners were the distributers. There were a lot of mountain boys also in the camps—young men who had been taken in the draft. Some of these acted as sellers of the whisky that came from the stills in the mountains. They got a fabulous price for the liquor. As soon as it became known in the camps that the military authorities were on the trail of the purveyors of the whisky, some of these young soldiers from the hill country disappeared.

In the raids the Flying Squadron have made since last June they have captured eleven of these deserters in and about the illicit stills in the mountains of the South. Two of the men killed in battles between the officers of the law and the moonshiners were deserters from these training camps. The officers may round up hundreds of these deserters before they complete the work upon which they are engaged.

Commissioner Roper has no illusions about the moonshining business. At the end of the present fiscal year, with prohibition a Nation-wide principle in America, the Internal Revenue Department may cease to function as a collector of liquor taxes, but neither the Internal Revenue Department nor the Department of Justice expects that prohibition is going to make America wholly dry. The Flying Squadron by that time may be very much larger than it is to-day. It may then become an adjunct of the Department of Justice, or there may be some legislation which will invest it with special police powers and continue it under the jurisdiction of Commissioner Roper. At any rate, its field of action will be the whole United States. There probably will be much less moonshining in the mountains and more in the great centers of population. There is moonshining to-day in New York. There is moonshining in Chicago. There has been a revival of moonshining in Indiana since prohibition went into force there. In the city the detection of illicit distilling is more difficult than in the country, where the distinctive odor generated may indicate the location of a moonshiner's plant that is otherwise concealed. There is a conflict of odors where there are many lines of industry. There is no place in which it is so safe to hide as where there are vast congregations of people. It is going to be a herculean task to suppress the traffic in liquor so long as it is cheap to make whisky and so long as man will pay a tremendous price for it. The Flying Squadron of to-day may be a hundred times larger a year from now. It may have to hunt, not along the mountain trails, but through all the highways and byways of the cities. It is very likely to develop into the largest police body the United States Government ever organized. Its work has been expanded to include illicit brewing as well as illicit distilling, the suppression of the very large traffic in narcotics, and the detection and suppression of the many forms of demoralizing and illegal traffic which exist to-day and which are likely to be developed by the revolutionary legislation enacted to wipe out, not only the liquor habit, but the drug habit and other cardinal vices. We may have some vivid stories brought to light when the Flying Squadron invades cities and matches its powers with those of the crafty lawbreakers of the urban districts. Prohibition does not altogether prohibit. It may take years, many years, to make America dry, if ever it is wholly dry. The intensity and continuance of the drought will depend in large measure upon the operation of the Flying Squadron and the men who direct it. An assignment to the Flying Squadron is a mark of distinct honor in the Internal Revenue Service to-day. The reward is principally in honor, for the pay in money is very small. The risks the men assume are great. They have to combat a resourceful class of lawbreakers, a class made desperate through a false idea that it has a right to do what it has been doing for years, and a belief that the Government is to-day preventing it from making money on a scale that was never before possible.

Prohibitionists did not win their fight when they prevailed upon Congress to vote America dry. It will take many years to end the liquor traffic. It will take longer to end the beer traffic. The Revenue Officers are, however, pursuing the urban violators of the law with great vigilance and thoroughness. In one Middle West city recently nearly one hundred illicit stills were seized. In size and form they resembled the ordinary ice-cream freezer. By the use of fire instead of ice those who had these "freezers" could make a fiery liquor that they were able to sell for whisky. A thousand devices for whisky-making, for beer-making, for the making of near-beers and near-whiskies, will be employed, and the beverages will be marketed through surreptitious channels so long as men find profit in the operation and the power of the Government is not strong enough to suppress the evil.

But in fighting the moonshiner the Commissioner of Internal Revenue has a task that is easy when compared with that which he must undertake in combating the illicit traffickers in narcotics. Drug addiction is not a pleasant subject to discuss. Because it is repulsive good people would prefer to ignore it. But it has become such a menace that it should not, and must not, be ignored. It must be corrected, and this will be impossible unless the evil is recognized and public opinion is aroused.

The Internal Revenue Department is not only charged with the duty of collecting taxes on the sale of drugs, but it is also

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invested with police powers for the apprehension of offenders against the Drug Law. It thus becomes an important agency in the conservation of man power, for the drug habit is a terrible destroyer.

In an official statement the Department declares that the average citizen has not the slightest conception of the extent of drug addiction in this country. In New York City in the first draft eight thousand men were rejected because they were users of drugs, and in the whole country it is estimated that eighty thousand men registered under the Selective Service Act were drug addicts.

Many acts of foulness have been charged to the Germans in connection with this war, and one of them is that it was part of the German propaganda to promote this insidious evil throughout the country. We got many of our drugs from German sources before the war—in fact, most of our opium in its various forms came from German houses. Whatever basis there may be for the suspicion, the Department apparently considers it possible that there was some German effort in this regard. The report says that it is rumored that a great deal of drug addiction is the result of German initiative.

In the argot of the day, drugs are termed "dope."

"Illicit traffic in narcotics," says a memorandum given out by the Department, "is carried on almost exclusively by denizens of the underworld and unprincipled manufacturers and importers of drugs. There are, of course, some unprincipled men to be found among those who advertise themselves as practicing physicians and retail druggists, but most of the illicit traffic is carried on by ex-convicts who procure their supplies from wholesalers and importers through surreptitious channels.

"It is said to be a slogan in the underworld that six months unmolested in the business of peddling dope means independent wealth. The consequence is that among the dope peddlers are found the worst type of criminals, who formerly gained their livelihood by blowing safes, picking pockets, and other practices which had been found to lead more rapidly to jail sentences. The profits exacted from the addicts are almost unbelievable. For example, heroin bought in quantities at $20 an ounce is peddled in adulterated form at from $200 to $300 an ounce. In one raid recently made by the Internal Revenue officers two large steamer trunks were seized containing almost four thousand ounces of narcotics."

Hundreds of agents of the Internal Revenue Bureau, acting for an investigating committee of Congress, have reported concerning the consumption of morphine, cocaine, heroin, or medicines containing similar alkaloids, and on the basis of these reports it is estimated that at least 1,500,000 persons in the United States are drug addicts. Of this number 1,000,000 are known as such in their communities and 500,000 are secret users of drugs.

The investigations of a special committee which is headed by Representative Rainey, of Illinois, showed that thousands of drafted men have been dismissed from military camps after it was found they were drug addicts, and this number included many who went systematically to work to develop the habit after entering the army, in order to insure their dismissal. They obtained the drugs from dope peddlers who loafed about the outskirts of camps. The most ingenious devices were resorted to by the dealers to get the drugs to the men without danger of discovery. Sometimes they concealed the dope in pies, in boxes of candy or cake, and in some instances paper on which letters were written was soaked first in a narcotic solution. By chewing the paper the addict would get a reaction from the drug. In other cases the drugs were concealed in knitted goods, such as sweaters, gloves, or helmets, sent ostensibly as gifts to the soldiers.

That the use of narcotics has increased greatly in the last two years is declared to be beyond doubt, and to check the evil legislation to make the present law, known as the Harrison Act, much stronger has been deemed imperative.

The new law as drawn provides for the registration of every manufacturer and dealer in proprietary medicines containing compounds of narcotic drugs as well as the pure drugs, and plugs up the loopholes under which thousands of violators have been able to escape heretofore.

The Act of Congress approved December 17, 1914, and known as the Harrison Narcotic Law, was a powerful measure as it passed the House, but in the Senate it was made less drastic. The changes made were, no doubt, inadvertent, but they resulted, nevertheless, in increasing the difficulties encountered in the suppression of the illicit traffic.

An illustration of how the bill was modified is shown in the following:

When it went to the Senate after it had passed the House, the proviso in section 2 (*a*) read:

"Provided, however, that such physicians, dentists, or veterinary surgeons shall personally attend upon such patient."

The Senate struck out the words "however" and "personally attend upon such patient," and by amendment the proviso was made to read as appears in the discussion in the Senate (Cong. Rec., Vol. 51, p. 6788):

"Provided, that such physician, dentist, or veterinary surgeon shall have been specially employed to prescribe for the particular patient receiving such drug or article:

"And provided further that such drug shall be dispensed in good faith, and not for the purpose of avoiding the provisions of this Act."

The words "specially" and "or article" were subsequently eliminated by the Senate.

But, inadequate as the Harrison Act has been found, thousands of cases of flagrant violation have been prosecuted under it, and in seventy-five per cent of the cases convictions have been obtained.

One thing made clear by those who have wide knowledge of drug addiction is that it is not confined to any class or condition of life. It is widespread in the underworld. It has come to be recognized in the Tenderloin and among sporting characters to such a degree that "dope" is a common subject of discussion. It is more prevalent among men and women in all walks of life than is generally known or believed. Through the administration of drugs to them in periods of illness or suffering persons of good character and standing who have formed the habit have become slaves to it.

Morphine is the drug to which most of these unfortunates are addicted. Those who have made a deep study of the subject declare that even children have contracted the drug habit or rather the almost uncontrollable passion for drugs that comes to those who are nursed at the breasts of mothers who are addicts.

Cocaine, while not as widely used as morphine, has a vast number of victims. Its addicts are to be found chiefly in congested sections of cities and principally where the lowest-grade saloons and immoral characters are the most numerous.

In its effects cocaine is more demoralizing and repulsive than morphine. Negro addicts are many. In Negro sections of cities cocaine rarely is called cocaine, but always "coke." It is snuffed into the nostrils, or introduced into the stomach through the mouth in powder form, or injected into the blood by means of a hypodermic syringe. Here again the argot of the underworld is employed, for the use of the syringe in the manner described is referred to widely as "hypo." And when "hypo" is mentioned it usually means that cocaine or morphine has been used.

Morphine is taken into the system by way of the mouth or by hypodermic injection.

Heroin (morphia), like cocaine, is applied by snuffing through the nostrils or is taken into the mouth or by hypodermic injection. It is the most deadly of all these drugs in its consequences.

It should be understood that there are stages of drug addiction in which it is necessary for the drug slave to have the poison. Otherwise he or she would die. It is true also that men and women of the higher walks of life and physicians of excellent repute have contracted the drug habit in the fights against pain or illness until the addiction has complete mastery of them.

When the drug slaves crave the drug, they will stop at nothing to get it. That makes it possible for the dope peddlers to obtain fabulous prices for the stuff they sell. The more difficult it is for the peddler to get supplies, the higher he puts his price and the greater profit he demands. Great as is his profit, he resorts to crookedness in his dealings with his patrons, for he adulterates the drugs. An idea of the profits the dope peddlers make may be gathered from the fact that one of the gentry cleared $70,000 in one year. When such profits are possible,

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the people of the underworld will take perilous chances. The Internal Revenue people have captured and convicted dope peddlers in all the larger cities in America and sent them away for long terms, but no sooner was the old gang disposed of than a new one cropped up. That has made the fight an unceasing one.

If there had not been juggling with the Harrison Act four years ago, there probably would not be the ugly condition that exists to-day.

One great difficulty is that one section permitted the sale of various preparations containing not exceeding two grains of opium or one-fourth grain of morphine or one-eighth gramme of heroin or one grain of codein to the fluid or avoirdupois pound. Because of this section paregoric, certain so-called drops and cordials, etc., that are widely known and advertised can be sold anywhere. They are used by drug addicts when it is impossible to get the drug in more powerful form. Most of the cough mixtures and soothing syrups contain drugs. They are the most deadly form of medication that can be given to a child. Some of them contain heroin. Addicts, when they cannot get heroin otherwise, buy these cough mixtures and soothing syrups and take enough of them to get what is termed a "kick" from them.

There is a direct relationship between drug addiction and crime. One of the greatest authorities on the drug habit estimated that between fifty and seventy per cent of the criminals in the United States are addicts. They even get the drugs while they are in prison. It is a shameful but a notorious fact that prison attachés have been parties to the traffic in dope through which the convicts were supplied.

The same authority asserts that ninety per cent of the pickpockets are "dope fiends."

The whole physical and moral stamina weakens under the constant taking of drugs. When an addict craves a drug and cannot get it readily, he will do almost anything to satisfy his desire. The more drug addiction in a country, the more pronounced is the drift to crime. The greater the sway of drugs, the nearer a breakdown in moral standards. These facts are too well known and appreciated to warrant dispute, and yet, in face of them and regardless of the flaws that already existed in the Harrison Law, vigorous efforts were made to weaken it still further through court actions.

The courts as a rule have held that the regulatory provisions of the Bureau have been in harmony with the spirit of the law.

Out of evil comes good sometimes. Out of nearly every raid made on dope peddlers the Government gets drugs of high value, and every time the drugs are turned over promptly to the Red Cross to go to the hospitals here and in France, where the need for them is great in the many operations necessary on wounded men.

How is the drug habit to be checked? Only by the most rigorous enforcement of a drastic law, a law that will make illicit traffic in drugs impossible.

Nothing is more insidious and degrading than the drug habit. Nothing is more necessary to correct, and especially at this time. Unless proper provision is made to check the drug evil the effect of prohibition no doubt will be to spread it.

Queer jobs the Internal Revenue people have to perform. They hunt the hardy mountaineer who makes his corn juice in the light of the moon, and they hunt the crook and the skulking blackleg who peddles poison and reaps fortune in the transactions. There is a touch of romance as well as tragedy in the quest of the moonshiner. There is murk and horror in the hunt of the drug addicts. But there is one phase of the Internal Revenue man's work that has an element of comedy, and that is in their gallant efforts to halt the gentlemen who make moonshine cheese and moonshine butter.

Broadly speaking, moonshine butter is oleomargarine colored to pass for butter. There would not be so much traffic in illicit butter or illicit cheese if our laws in relation to oleomargarine were sensible, which they are not. Under the law a premium is practically put on foisting colored oleomargarine on the public as butter.

In the first place, it should be understood that oleomargarine is a perfectly good, wholesome substitute for butter. Besides, it is much cheaper than the butter we get from the cow.

Unfortunately, oleomargarine and various other butters not made from cow's milk and cream are without the attractive appearance to the eye or the appeal to the palate that we associate with dairy butter.

Butter—regular butter—is dear. It would not be so costly if we ate more of the butter substitutes.

There used to be a tax of two cents a pound on oleomargarine. The stuff was dressed up in part with coloring matter, and the business grew so big that the butter interests became alarmed. They succeeded in having the tax changed so that now oleomargarine uncolored pays only a quarter of a cent a pound, while the colored is taxed at the rate of ten cents a pound.

The effect of this fool legislation has been to put a premium on the clandestine coloring of oleomargarine and the sale of it as butter. In one city that is on the banks of the Mississippi River, 307 concerns were found to be swindling the Government by transforming oleo into what passed for butter. Some very important manufacturing companies have been involved in this illicit trade. A Representative in Congress was mixed up in one of the most sensational cases that came to light. It was shown that he furnished not only the oleomargarine but the coloring matter to the various firms in Chicago engaged in making fake butter, and that he also supplied wrappers bearing pure food inspection stamps which were put on the moonshine oleo.

It also developed that the Congressman taught men how to mix oleo and coloring matter in proper proportions that made it look like dairy butter, and that his financial representative furnished bonds for moonshine butter makers, until the fact became so notorious that the United States judges in Chicago refused to accept such bonds any further.

Thousands of arrests and thousands of convictions have resulted from the energetic work of the Internal Revenue agents in this field. In nearly every case where there has been prosecution there has been a conviction, but, regardless of all that the Revenue men have been able to do, the Government has been swindled out of many millions of dollars, for the butter moonshiners have been so clever that some of them have gone for years without detection.

One illustration of this may be sufficient. It was apparent to the Government, from the amount of oleo that a large merchant in a Middle Western State bought and the large quantity of butter that he sold, that he was moonshining. The agents watched him for a year or more, but could not discover how he operated.

Once when the merchant was absent from town they determined to make a search of his home, which was in the outskirts of the city. The grounds were extensive. There was a fine residence, a big barn, and various outbuildings.

The Internal Revenue people searched the house from cellar to garret. They searched the outbuildings from top to bottom. Then they went over each building once more. They discovered nothing.

They were utterly disgusted and were leaving the place when in going down the back stairs from the merchant's home to the yard one of the agents tripped. In falling he grabbed a post, and, by chance, touched a spring that drew back a section of the concrete walk and showed a stairway leading to a cellar. The agent went into this cellar, and, passing through subterranean passages, finally came to a big room fitted with elaborate machinery, electrically driven.

Further search showed that there was an elevator electrically operated from this subterranean factory to the floor of the great barn, and that when the merchant sent his teams to his place in the outskirts of the town, ostensibly to rest for the night, the wagons were loaded with oleo, and when the wagons went back to town in the morning they were loaded with oleomargarine colored to represent butter, produced in a factory which worked only at night, and whose existence was not even suspected by the persons living near by.

When the farmers permit the enactment of a reasonable oleomargarine law, there will be an end to moonshine butter and moonshine cheese, for cheese is made out of the oleo colored butter and palmed off as the product of the dairy.

Between moonshine whisky, "dope," and moonshine butter the Internal Revenue man leads a busy life, and was never busier than he is to-day.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of November 20, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Victorious Peace; The Armistice; Germany's Menace from Within; Peace and the Collapse of Autocracy.

Reference: Pages 441–443; 447, 448.

Questions:

1. What is an armistice? Compare this armistice with the ordinary one. 2. Discuss: "The terms are hard, but justly so." 3. Discuss the great danger of any movement that tries to make easy the terms of peace for Germany. We have won the war. Is it possible to lose the peace? Discuss carefully. 4. Present evidence for or against the following: "There has been a change of front [in Germany], a change of face, but not the least change of heart." Have the German people expressed any regret or given any proof of remorse for the crimes Germany committed in this war? 5. Discuss the necessity of surrounding Germany with such barriers that for a long time to come she cannot be a menace to democracy and the human race. 6. What are the points made by The Outlook in its discussion of Germany's menace from within? 7. Autocracy in Germany has been destroyed. A different brand of despotism may be set up. Germany is to have a Constitutional Convention to "settle finally the future form of government." Write out some valuable points of advice for the German people. 8. Dr. Abbott says (page 447) that "the autocrats who ruled Germany and Austria were fools." Does he prove it? Show why or why not. 9. He also says that "the desire for liberty is not confined to any class or to any race, or even to any age." Show from the history of *various* nations that this is so. 10. Do you believe that "history is nothing but the working out of His [God's] plan in human affairs"? Dr. Abbott does. Illustrate your answer. 11. Read "The World War and Leadership in a Democracy," by R. T. Ely (Macmillan); "The Course of Christian History," by W. J. McGlothlin (Macmillan); "A History of Politics," by Edward Jenks (Dutton).

B. Topic: Weary Watches; Preach Modesty; Some Duties of Peace.

Reference: Pages 458–460; 450, 451; 446, 447.

Questions:

Note.—Read the references in the order given. 1. Compare Great Britain's naval services in this war with those of the United States. What conclusions do you reach? 2. Name and describe the *means* of mastering the German submarines mentioned by Mr. Mason. 3. Describe also the *methods* of hunting the submarines used in this war. 4. Give several reasons why it would be well for Americans to speak modestly of America's part in this war. 5. What duties of peace does The Outlook discuss? Give your opinion of The Outlook's discussion of these duties. 6. You certainly will enjoy and be benefited by reading "The Silent Watchers," by Bennett Copplestone (Dutton); "Secrets of the Submarine," by M. F. Hay (Dodd, Mead); "The Fighting Fleets," by R. D. Paine (Houghton Mifflin).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Nation at School.

Reference: Editorial, pages 448, 449.

Questions:

1. What public questions does The Outlook mention which must be decided in the near future? How would you have each of these decided? Tell why. 2. Name several other questions that will soon have to be decided. Tell how you think these should be settled. 3. In what respects do *the people* decide public questions? Illustrate. 4. What objections are there to having public questions decided *for* the people by experts? 5. What does The Outlook mean by self-government? Why does it believe that no government, however good, is any substitute for self-government? 6. The Outlook believes that we need and should welcome the opinions of even illiterates and prejudiced emotionalists. Tell, with reasons, why you do or do not agree with The Outlook.

B. Topic: Andrew Dickson White.

Reference: Pages 449, 450.

Questions:

1. Give reasons why Dr. White was a very valuable citizen. 2. Look up further his public services and report what you find. 3. What was Dr. White's philosophy of life? Explain. Has every person a philosophy of living? Discuss at length. 4. Do you believe that only those who try to shape public opinion and action are patriotic? Give reasons. 5. A very important series of brief and vivid biographies entitled "True Stories of Great Americans" should be read by every young American. The Macmillan Company publishes them.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. There are forces at work in America that are in conflict with the purposes of our Nation. 2. But few people know what democracy really is.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for November 20, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Repatriated, intact, treaty (441); apocryphal (447); boomerang, TNT (459); hypochondriac, eccentricities, *ennui* (460); illiterates, civic good (449).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

A HYMN FOR THE WAR

Despatches in the daily press announce the death of the Right Rev. William Boyd-Carpenter in London. He was Bishop of Ripon, but in 1911 retired from the activities of the bishopric and took up the less exacting duties of the Canon of Westminster. His tastes were distinctly literary. He was a graduate of Cambridge University and was known as a writer and speaker outside of the distinctive field of church work. In 1904 and 1913 he visited this country as a special lecturer of Harvard University. A friend of The Outlook, noticing the announcement of his death, sends us the following hymn, which was written by Dr. Boyd-Carpenter, saying: "Since my son has been at the front in France I have kept a hymn written by the Canon in my prayer-book and have used it as a prayer. I thought that in noticing his death you might wish to reprint it, and that many others would be as glad to have it as I am." It is entitled "A Hymn for the War."

O God, the strength of those who war,
The hope of those who wait,
Be with our sons gone forth to fight,
And those who keep the gate.

We drew the sword to keep our troth
Free from dishonor's stain.
Make strong our hands to shield the weak
And their just cause maintain.

Give to our hosts in battle's hour
Firm hearts and courage high;
Thy comfort give to those who fall,
Thy peace to those who die.

Breathe on our land the spirit calm
Which faith in right bestows,
And in the hours of dark suspense
A faith which stronger grows.

In Thee alone we place our hope,
Thou Keeper of the just,
And Thou, through fight and fire and fears
Wilt justify our trust.

Thy ways are wonderful, O God,
Who makest wars to cease;
O let this be the final war
That ushers in Thy peace!

THE POWER OF RIGHT

BY THEODORE MARBURG

Mr. Marburg was one of the organizers of the League to Enforce Peace and is among the best known of American publicists.—THE EDITORS.

Long before the United States entered the war some of us ventured to express the fact that, while wrong often triumphs locally, wrong universally recognized as such could not triumph; that to doubt it was to deny that reason ordered the universe. Was there ever a more striking instance of this truth than in the persons of two men—the ex-Emperor of Germany and King Albert?

Emperor William scorned the Belgian King as wholly incapable of opposing successfully the will of the mighty German Empire. He bade Albert stand aside or he would force his way through his little Kingdom. This threat he carried out to the accompaniment of blood and lust and cruel oppression. But back of the Kingdom of Belgium was the kingdom of God; and what is the position of the two men to-day? Albert re-enters his beautiful capital, while Belgium is crowned with undying fame as having done a "bigger thing than Thermopylæ." The ex-Emperor is a fugitive on the face of the earth. Is there in the whole of history a more convincing example of the power of right?

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IS IT AN ESSENTIAL?

A "JOHN MARTIN" LETTER AND A SERIOUS ANSWER

John Martin's Study, February 2, 1918.

My dear Mr. ——

I am taking the liberty of asking you a direct question, feeling sure you will give me a frank answer:

> *In these days when our patriotic thought and effort is given to the production of* ***necessities,*** *has "John Martin's Book" a right to continued existence and further growth?*

Could my time and that of my associates, the labor and money put into producing this magazine be otherwise expended in our Country's service to better purpose? You know John Martin's Book and have doubtless discerned that our policy is to give to the children of the land the best that heart, mind, and means can give. Back of this motive I have held the immovable belief that our magazine was especially ***needed*** *by children during their early and impressionable years. I am sure that we give them happiness, and that we do direct their lives into habits of honor, fearlessness, good taste, and self-respect.*

Am I wrong in believing that now, in these days of confusion and destruction, more than ever there is need of such a constructive influence in the lives of our children?

My question is not rhetorical. It is a real request as man to man, for an honest opinion. John Martin's Book is prospering and we believe it can be successfully carried through these difficult days. But, is it right that it should be? I want your opinion because I respect and value it, and I shall be guided by it. You will know best how to enlighten me. May I ask you to do so at your early convenience?

Respectfully yours,

JOHN MARTIN.

IT *IS* AN ESSENTIAL

BY W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

Reprinted by permission from "New York Advertising News"

AFTER this country declared war with Germany there went forth a letter to a group of men and women whose wisdom and judgment the writer evidently respected.

It was written by John Martin.

And John Martin put a straight question to us. He wanted to know what we thought of his magazine. Was it fair to assume that John Martin's Book came under the head of an "essential" during war time? Had the magazine a just right to keep on existing? Did it deserve the support of all concerned? With sudden death and world-disquieting problems adrift, should the publication go on as before? Had it a right to expect the support of parents and those who loved children? I have no way of knowing what the others said in their replies to John Martin, although I fancy I can guess.

For my part I wrote a note from the very heart of me. I certainly DID consider John Martin's Book an essential. It was more than a *mere essential*—it was indispensable. I didn't see how MY two children could possibly get along without it. John Martin would be COMPELLED to continue his Book because if he missed an issue my youngsters would dissolve in thin air. It was part of them. They could dispense with it about as easily as they could dispense with air, or cookies, or milk, or sleep.

John Martin has built a magazine of almost uncanny worth. It isn't easy to write "kid stuff." Ever try it? What children WILL read and what they will NOT read is a delicately poised problem in literary construction. A bookman once told me, as he pointed to vast chunks of child literature, that only here and there was there a REAL children's book. Much of the material produced SEEMED to be proof against the whims of kiddies, but it broke down after the first quick getaway. Children have a weird discrimination. They seem to sense when a piece of superficial shoddy is being foisted upon them. You must write from the heart to the heart when you write for children. They are seldom deceived.

Publishers of books for boys and girls have a running fight with this situation. Hundreds of juvenile stories are issued. One or two make good.

Now John Martin's Book is an odd, human, lovable little magazine. It talks to children in their own language of *heart* and fancy. It cuddles without coddling, and has sweet sentiment with no cloying sentimentality. John Martin really loves children, and that probably accounts for the very pronounced success of his work. He never strikes a false note. The verses and lilting, swinging whimsical conceits are as unaffected as the picture-frieze in a nursery. His editorials can only be compared to lullabies of comfort and promise. My children snuggle up to the current issue of John Martin's Book and sit there, breathlessly entranced, while he spins his wonder yarns.

Moreover, John Martin writes and draws special advertisements for national accounts in his magazine. They are as individualistic and as interesting as the body of the book. Sometimes they are much better, as salesmanship, than the material prepared for grown-ups by high-priced experts, who go about with portfolios of plans.

Now, more than ever, we need the constructive but soothing spirit of a John Martin's Book for our babies. War has crowded in upon them too seriously—too terrifyingly. The hardening effect of war *must* be counteracted by just such an influence as *John Martin's Book*. Through every number runs a careful, beautiful skein of patriotism, like stars in a flag. Now and again our kiddies fall asleep to the mild call of the bugle or the march of toy soldier's feet.

Yes, John Martin, your magazine IS an essential. By popular vote the ayes have it. Good-night! It is bed-time. My kiddies are calling for Daddy and *their JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK.*

The Outlook Advertising Section

JOHN MARTIN'S
BOOK
The CHILD'S MAGAZINE

Children who have JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK are given in the fullest measure of their hearts' desires. It is the very Voice of Childhood, merry, hopeful, helpful and spontaneous. Arranged for children from three to ten years of age.

IT IS JUST WHAT YOU WANTED WHEN A CHILD. IT IS JUST THE MAGAZINE CHILDHOOD NEEDS BUT NEVER BEFORE WAS GIVEN UNTIL JOHN MARTIN CONCEIVED AND DEVELOPED THIS IDEAL BOOK FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION GIVES

Countless pictures in color and line	Nature and History Bible Stories
Games to Play	Fables and Myths
Things to Do	Poetry and Jingles
Songs to Sing	Classic Tales
Plays to Act	Clean Fun and Nonsense
Fairy Tales	Puzzles and Plans

and a host more surprises and delights in endless variety, all with a wholesome and helpful delight to the children.

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK
is a NECESSITY and not a LUXURY

In these days of war's destruction it is constructive, character building, and makes fine little American citizens

AND

every little subscriber receives from John Martin a merry "Introduction Letter" telling that *you*, the donor, send the gift; in addition the children receive pretty HOLIDAY and CHRISTMAS CARDS. In fact, nothing that adds to the *personal delight* of The Book is forgotten.

LESS THAN ONE CENT A DAY IF YOU USE THE COUPON BELOW. SPECIAL 14 MONTHS' OFFER

◆ SPECIAL 14 MONTHS' OFFER ◆

for **$4.00**, LESS THAN A CENT A DAY, for

14 JOHN MARTIN'S BOOKS

OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31st, 1918

JOHN MARTIN'S HOUSE, 128A West 58th St., New York

Enclosed find $4.00 [Foreign and Canadian Subscription $4.50] for which please send JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK for 14 MONTHS, beginning with November, 1918, number, to

Child's Name _____

Street Address _____

City and State _____

Subscribed by _____

Subscriber's Address _____

(Please state your relationship to the Child)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This much we know:

Nothing will be exactly as it was.

(An Advertisement to Manufacturers)

It's trite to *say* we think now in social terms, national terms, world terms.

But it's still mighty uncommon actually to think what we say we think.

Nevertheless we know it's going to be somewhat different. Business particularly.

For instance, our Government dealing now with an industry, deals with all the men in it—in a *group*. On the principle of collective bargaining—though not exactly like it.

And our Government will probably keep on dealing with groups and to expect them actually to *be* groups, with group consciousness and *group machinery*.

Foreign Governments are already so organizing.

As the World goes on, it's inevitable.

What group machinery have you?

If it was already made when the call came, did it work to suit you and the War Industries Board?

If you made it for the emergency, what will happen to it after the stress is over?

Or perhaps you have it still to fashion.

Indeed it is true that the real strain is to come. It's easy enough to co-operate when you have to.

This leads to a statement of our business.

We build group machinery for industries, and keep it going after we build it.

We did this long before groups became a matter of federal necessity.

When the pinch came the groups we serve were ready.

Example: When the War Industries Board wanted to cut the number of styles and sizes of one group's product they found us already doing it—85 per cent of useless patterns cut off.

What were they but the babies of blind competition?

We did this because it paid—benefited everybody, from manufacturer to consumer.

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Standardization does pay, you know, if it's done right.

We were serving groups, building their group machinery and keeping it going, long before the War started. We will be doing it long after the War is won.

Our service seems to be more valuable just now because it handles so many things that the Government desires.

But the problems of industry really are not different now, or new—it is only that the War has made them obvious.

So, our service will continue of great value during reconstruction—and long after.

If you need to act as a group now, and have no group machinery—

If you have machinery but find that it shows centrifugal strain—

We can serve you providing all or part of your potential group want to be served or will agree to be served.

Even a minority, if active, can convince a slower-moving majority. And it's part of our work to help convince.

We want to talk with men who *see* the usefulness and inevitableness of group machinery.

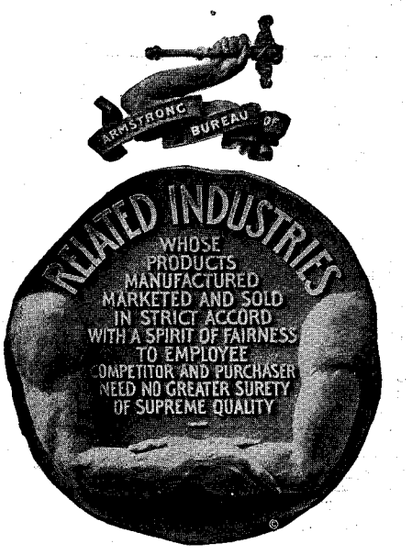
This much we know: Nothing will be exactly as it was.

You need group action to keep up with the world.

Speaking more directly from your individual point of view, you, as a manufacturer, may agree that you will advance faster if you find it unnecessary continually to glance back over your shoulder at your competitors.

That also is a matter we attend to.

A letter from you to us may result in great service to you and your industry.


ARMSTRONG BUREAU OF
RELATED INDUSTRIES
WHOSE PRODUCTS MANUFACTURED MARKETED AND SOLD IN STRICT ACCORD WITH A SPIRIT OF FAIRNESS TO EMPLOYEE COMPETITOR AND PURCHASER NEED NO GREATER SURETY OF SUPREME QUALITY

The first and only institution of its kind

Armstrong Bureau of Related Industries

Chicago

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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

GOOD ROADS A NATIONAL NECESSITY AFTER THE WAR

BY G. A. KISSEL

President Kissel Motor Car Company

Without a doubt, every city or town has had brought home to it the value of good roads and improved highways. Since the United States entered the war the railways have been gradually devoting more and more of their equipment to Government requirements, thus leaving millions of tons of goods and supplies for home consumption to be transported and delivered as best they can. Thus cities whose highway commissioners had the foresight to put through good roads measures and see that they were carried through had little or no difficulty in coping with these unexpected transportation problems. In such localities the motor truck took up the transportation problems with no loss of time and with a delivery and haulage expense that was not any greater than the rate paid the railways, if it was not lower.

But it is those cities and towns which have let the good-roads problems go by, which have paid no attention to them, that are facing acute haulage problems. These are the municipalities whose merchants have great difficulties in keeping their shelves full, in being able to supply the ordinary wants and necessities of their trade. These are the municipalities which all of a sudden were shut off from the source of supply, and as a result have to pay higher prices for goods on account of the increased cost of transporting them to the points of distribution.

The United States has been in the war for over a year, and it would seem that every municipality would have by this time realized the necessity of building good roads to meet the future transportation demands of their respective localities. It was thought at one time that the railways, after getting from under the first onslaught of Government requirements, would be able to resume the handling of local freight shipments destined for home consumption, but time has proved that such is not the case. With every increase in railway equipment which factories have been able to build, a corresponding increase in goods to be shipped has been found to result in every part of the country.

Hence the bad roads municipality has had to struggle along, its merchants and business men paying increased expenses, which in the end are generally borne by the consumer and taxpayer.

With the possibility of this uncertainty on the part of the railways extending well into the future, it is my opinion that every State should follow the example of that of Illinois in making plans for good roads to be constructed after the war. Illinois intends to build sixty million dollars' worth of good roads. It is estimated that the principal and interest of this sixty-million-dollar bond issue will be paid in twenty-five years by the constantly accumulating automobile license fees in the State Treasurer's hands. Already there is more than $2,500,000 available.

Such a plan insures the kind of highways and byways that permit economical transportation of goods by motor trucks after the war, and at a time when undoubtedly the entire reconstructive efforts of the United States will be concentrated on devastated Europe.

Other good points about such a plan are that it will throw open jobs for thousands of returned soldiers, engineers, office men, mechanics, expert road men, and workmen of every caliber. These men will have returned from "over there," where they have had the best experience in this kind of work, and, as a result, their work should be of the highest character and redound to the credit of the cities employing them.

I understand that recently the Minnesota good roads leaders have started a plan or programme along this line for their cities, and undoubtedly the Central West States will soon be a network of improved highways, permitting uninterrupted and economical travel and traffic by motor cars and motor trucks.

One of the great lessons at home which the great war will teach is that of good roads. Ask any of the soldiers from "over there" when they return how they found the roads and highways of Europe, and ask especially the engineers and members of the motor corps what, in their estimation, was one of the greatest advantages the Allies had in the transportation of food and supplies, and they will state that outside of a never-ceasing flow of motor trucks and equipment the excellent highways and roads permitted the uninterrupted use of this equipment. I believe it is up to us to take this lesson to heart and apply it while we have time.

FEEDING WASHINGTON'S WAR WORKERS BY MOTOR TRUCKS

(From the "Commercial Car Journal")

Dump a hundred thousand people into an average sized city almost over night, and there develops immediately a feeding problem that calls for considerable thought and some very efficient action. This is practically what happened to Washington when the war began, for the tremendous war programme necessitated a corresponding increase in population at the Nation's capital as the various departments expanded and new ones were added. Much has been written about the organization of the commissary forces that feed our immense army, but little has been said of the unorganized forces that have, in Washington and other of the Nation's chief cities, met the sudden demand put upon them by sudden increases in population.

The answer everywhere is the same answer that has solved many of the most difficult problems met with in this colossal war programme—the commercial car.

Hurry-up orders for trucks came from almost every big provision house in Washington when the population commenced to grow overnight like those old bonanza cities of the golden days.

Armour & Co., for instance, rushed into service three big Packards—a five-ton, three-ton, and two-and-a-half-ton. These are in addition to the five-ton Packard and five Autocar trucks they already had in service. Distributing meat products to over six hundred separate markets every day calls for some motor trucks. Manager Trewhella swears by the trucks. "Why, we simply couldn't have met the situation with horse-drawn wagons," he says.

Not only have the trucks been used for distribution, they have also, when embargoes threatened, been sent out many miles to get meat from stalled refrigerator cars.

It has been the same with all the big packers—Swift & Co., Wilson & Co., Cudahy, and Kingan. Each has added many trucks to care for the big demand for food.

The wholesale grocery companies have all added to their motor-truck fleets, and even the small matter of coffee for Washington coffee-drinkers (and they have increased wonderfully since the District went dry) means the use of from two to six motor trucks all the time by one concern, the Martha Washington Coffee Company. Others have increased also.

The Old Dutch Market fleet, familiar to every one who travels Pennsylvania Avenue any time of day, is busy from morning till night, and one of its big inclosed body trucks brings over ninety thousand pounds of fresh meats every week from the company's packing-house at Frederick, Maryland.

Farmers within a radius of twenty miles of Washington bring tons upon tons of farm produce to the city's markets several times a week in their trucks, making the trip now in an hour that used to take them half a day with the old horse.

Truly Washington would be hard hit if its motor trucks were suddenly taken away, and food distribution would suddenly become a tremendous problem. Washington motor-truck dealers have reaped a rich harvest because of war conditions, and have supplied the demand in a way that reflects credit on their methods.

TRUCKS BIG SUCCESS IN HANDLING MAIL

(From the "Commercial Vehicle")

Cross-country operation of mail motor trucks is proving very successful, according to James I. Blakeslee, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. One truck route between Washington and Philadelphia, without direct rail connections and costing $800 monthly for operation, has in eight months paid a monthly revenue of $16,000. Another route into Washington, where twenty-eight parcels daily were moved in the first month, now shows a ton of traffic each way in every twenty-four hours. Seventy lines now operate over the country, all but one east of the Mississippi River. Plans are being made for a complete system that brings up visions of $360,000,000 yearly revenue, this amount being estimated provided the entire country is once properly established with a network of roads and truck routes.

Mr. Blakeslee plans to rebuild the thousands of army trucks now in France after the war, and to utilize these also for this work.

Nine million dollars has been asked of Congress for next year's appropriations for the development of the mail truck routes. Three hundred thousand dollars was allowed this year. Even this small amount, if it could be combined with the revenue that would accrue from the establishment of the routes, would be sufficient. However, it is expected that the revenue will continue to be diverted to the general post office funds, and that instead Congress will pass the $9,000,000 appropriation.

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A BALLADE OF BEAUTIFUL HORSES

BY LAURA F. BEALL

Tell me in what shield-covered tower
Impatient Sleipnir waits to greet
The dawn of Asgard's battle hour?
In what star-radiant retreat
Does Pegasus, the wide-winged, eat
The choice of heaven's granary,
Well pleased to hear the Greeks repeat
His prowess in their poetry?

Bucephalus, too fierce and stour,
Till love had made his pride complete;
He from whose eyes there fell a shower
Of loving tears (or else, I weet,
His poet uses much deceit)
To grace his master's obsequy;
They two who paced old London's street,
White Surrey and Roan Barbary.

Where feed all these? With him whose power
Brought victory and slew defeat
At Winchester? What tender flower
Yields delicate, Elysian meat
For their soft muzzles, satin sweet?
And flashing o'er what sunny lea
Dance bay Motilla's dainty feet,
Clad in their silver bravery?

L'ENVOI

In whatsoever star they meet,
How glorious soe'er they be,
I know a wise horse, fair and fleet,
Worthy that noble company.

A HAPPY CORSICAN

(From the Philadelphia "Ledger")

Said the knife-grinder to me yesterday, speaking of the conquest of Sedan:

"I kiss the Liberty Bell. I don't cry for sorrow, I cry for joy.

"My name is Joseph Duval.

"I was in the battle of Sedan in '70, under MacMahon, when we tried to relieve Bazaine at Metz after Gravelotte.

"I was wounded in the wrist, in the foot, and over the right eye. See! Here—and here—and here.

"I saw Bismarck and old King William, with his side-whiskers, at Sedan.

"General MacMahon surrendered with 80,000 of us—and my cartridge belt" (he patted his waist as though he still felt it there) "was full.

"But Napoleon III was not my Emperor, from my island. I am a Corsican. I was born fifteen miles from the birthplace of Napoleon.

"In Corsica everything is little, the same as we are—the cows, the horses, and the hens.

"Napoleon was a little man, like me.

"I could eat a plate of soup off my mother's head—yet you see how little I am. All little. But we are spunky. We are proud. Our small cattle are of power.

"Take a horse of Toulon, Marseilles, or Paris, and take one of his shoes—you could make four shoes for a horse of Corsica from it. You could put one of our horses in your pocket.

"But—it is the soul, it is the soul!

"It has taken fifty years"—he mopped his weeping eyes with a rag as he said it, yet his voice shrilled to an apex of elation. "Fifty years! But it has come, the VICTORY!"

He Will Come Back a Better Man!

Uncle Sam is giving him a newer and better equipment, in mind and body—fitting him for a bigger, finer life

WHEN that boy of yours comes marching home a Victorious Crusader, he will be a very different person from the lad you bravely sent away with a kiss, a tear and a smile.

He will be strong in body, quick and sure in action, alert and keen in mind, firm and resolute in character, calm and even-tempered.

Self-control and self-reliance—ability to think and act in emergencies—coolness and courage in time of stress and danger—such will be the product of his training and experience.

Neatness, precision in detail without fuss and worry, promptness, reliability, scrupulous integrity, thoughtfulness and courtesy—these things come from army comradeship and discipline.

A broad-shouldered, deep-chested, square-jawed YOUNG MAN with flashing eyes and a happy smile—that's who will throw himself into your arms when "Johnny Comes Marching Home Again."

That's who is coming back to live his life in happiness with you.

And in his hands—and yours—lies the future of America.

Help him, keep him happy NOW—by cheerful, newsy letters—for your sake—and for Uncle Sam.

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION
8 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.

George Creel, *Chairman*
The Secretary of State

Contributed through
Division of Advertising

The Secretary of War
The Secretary of the Navy

United States Gov't Comm.
on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY, NEW YORK

IF you are in the habit of buying The Outlook at a news-stand, it will be to your advantage to place a standing order with your newsdealer. The War Industries Board has requested publishers to discontinue the acceptance of unsold copies from newsdealers, and in conformity with that request The Outlook is now non-returnable. To prevent loss, therefore, newsdealers must limit their orders to actual sales. Buyers at news-stands may co-operate and avoid disappointment by giving their dealer a standing order for the weekly delivery of The Outlook.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

What 15c will bring You from the Nation's Capital

Washington, the home of the Pathfinder, is the nerve-center of civilization; history is being made at this world capital. The Pathfinder's illustrated weekly review gives you a clear, impartial and correct diagnosis of public affairs during these strenuous, epoch-making days.

The little matter of **15c** in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder **13** weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its **26th** year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is. Send **15c** to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation **13** weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. **The Pathfinder, Box 37, Washington, D. C.**

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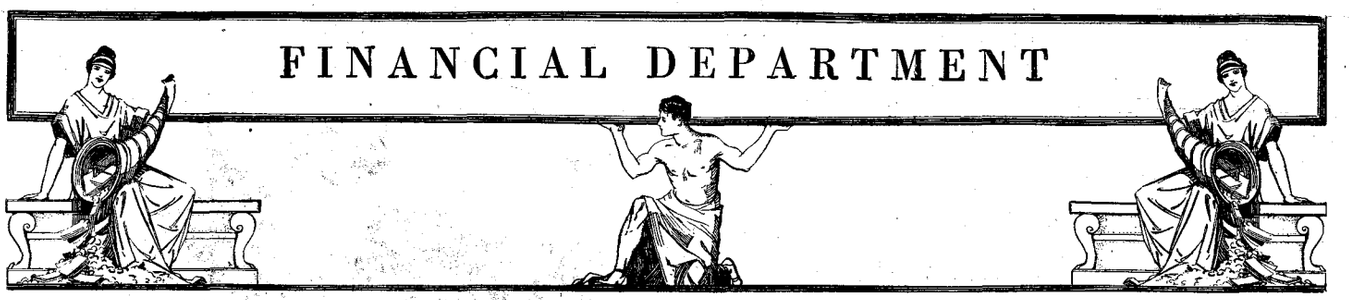

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

How to Turn $1000 Into $1600

AN investment of $1000 in a ten-year first mortgage 6% bond, safeguarded under the *Straus Plan*, will yield a total return of $1600 in principal and interest.

If you want a security maturing sooner, you have a choice from ten down to two years, as the bonds mature serially.

War-Tested Safety

These well-secured bonds have proven their safety and stability in value through four years of war-time conditions. As they are issued in denominations of $100, $500, and $1,000, they are suitable for investments of any amount.

We offer a well diversified list of sound bonds which have been passed by the Capital Issues Committee as not incompatible with the national interests. Write today for our booklet, "Safety and 6%," and for

Circular No. L-805

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 Incorporated

NEW YORK 150 Broadway

CHICAGO Straus Building

DETROIT Penobscot Bldg. MINNEAPOLIS Loeb Arcade Bldg. SAN FRANCISCO Crocker Bldg. PHILADELPHIA Stock Exchange Bldg.

Thirty-six Years Without Loss to Any Investor

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THE FINANCIAL WORLD

THE BOND MARKET

THE bond market continues very strong and active. A recent issue of the "Wall Street Journal" publishes a list of twenty-five representative railway bonds, with comparative prices for 1917 and 1918.

Practically all classes of bonds have joined in the upward movement, with second-grade investment rails in the lead. While rails as a class have had a remarkable rise, the "Journal" states that bankers generally believe that with the return of cheap money there is room for much further advance. There are many issues which have yet to feel the full impulse of the change in economic conditions.

The list of twenty-five railway bonds follows:

Issue	1917 Jan. 18	1918 Sep. 27.	1918 Nov. 9.	1918 Adv.
Atchison gen. 4s, 1995	96⅞	79	88	9
Atlantic Coast Line 4s, 1952	96¼	78⅜	83	4⅛
Baltimore & Ohio 4s, 1948	94⅛	73¼	85	11¾
Ches. & Ohio 4½s, 1992	94½	75	83	8
Chic. & Alton 3½s, 1950	52	37	44¾	7¾
Chic. Burl. & Quincy joint 4s, 1921	99⅛	93⅝	96	2⅜
St. Paul gen. 4s, 1989	95½	71⅛	82⅝	11½
Chic. & N. W. 3½s, 1987	84½	67¾	70	2¼
Col. & Southern 4s, 1929	96	85⅝	87	1⅜
D. & R. G. ref. 5s, 1955	64½	55	62¼	7¼
Erie gen. 4s, 1996	73⅜	53	62¼	9¼
Ill. Cent. ref. 4s, 1955	95	77½	86½	9
Iowa Cent. ref. 4s, 1951	57¼	45	51	6
Keok. & Des Moines 5s, 1923	61⅜	63	68	5
Lake Shore 4s, 1931	96⅜	84	92⅛	8⅛
L. & N. un. 4s, 1940	97⅛	81	87½	6½
N. Y. Cent. 3½s, 1997	86½	70	72½	2½
Norf. & West. 4s, 1996	96¾	79⅛	84½	5⅜
No. Pac. prior lien 4s, 1997	97	79¾	88⅜	8⅝
Reading gen. 4s, 1997	96½	80¾	90½	9¾
'Frisco, ser. A., 4s, 1950	70¼	58	66½	8½
So. Pac. ref. 4s, 1955	94⅜	75¾	85⅜	9⅝
So. Ry. gen. 4s, 1956	76⅜	62	72½	10½
Union Pac. 1st 4s, 1947	99⅞	84¾	90½	5¾
Wis. Cent. 4s, 1949	88¾	71¾	81	9¼
Average	86.43	71.26	78.44	7.18

UNITED STATES PROTECTION OF INVESTMENTS IN COUNTRIES SUBJECT TO THE MONROE DOCTRINE

The London "Times" as of October 15, 1918, states that the Government of the United States has communicated with the Government of Ecuador that it would not authorize the importation of Ecuadorian cocoa (cocoa is the principal export of Ecuador) into the United States or its Territories so long as Ecuador did not effect the service of the coupons of the bonds of the Guayaquil and Quito Railway, which are guaranteed by the Government of Ecuador and secured on certain customs receipts. Following the action of the American Government, Ecuador has placed daily on deposit a substantial portion of the amount due the bondholders, interest having been in default on the two issues of guaranteed railway bonds since 1916 and 1912, respectively. These bonds are largely held in Great Britain, although some are owned by American interests.

This is highly significant, showing as it does a willingness on the part of the United States Government to protect investments in countries subject to the so-called Monroe Doctrine, particularly where the country involved has not shown evidence of a willingness to pay its obligations.

The 6 per cent Guayaquil and Quito Railway Prior Lien Bonds are quoted at 77–82, as compared with 65 the low for the year, and the 5 per cent First Mortgage Bonds at 40½, as compared with 24½ earlier in the year.

It is of interest to note that the bonds of the Republic of Honduras, in default for upwards of forty years, have recently advanced in price from 5 to 13. Although it is a certain fact that the Republic has not sufficient resources to meet principal and interest, now amounting to $26,000,000 principal and about five times that amount of interest, it is possible that some settlement long sought for by the bondholders may be made in the not distant future, possibly on account of "pressure" brought to bear by the United States.

THE MUNICIPAL SITUATION

As an indication of the strength of the municipal market, the following comparison of prices, showing gains ranging from 1 per cent to 4 per cent from September 15 to November 1, is most interesting:

	Sept. 15. Price.	Yield.	Nov. 16. Price.	Yield.
New York City 4¼s, 1960–66	92½	4.65%	96¼	4.45%
City of Albany, N. Y., 4s, 1938	93⅜	4.50	95⅛	4.375
State of Massachusetts 3½s, 1934	88⅝	4.50	89¾	4.40
City of Columbus, Ohio, 4½s, 1945	97⅝	4.65	100	4.50
City of Newark, N. J., 5s, 1938	105⅛	4.60	105⅞	4.55
City of Portland, Ore., 5s, 1938	101¼	4.90	102½	4.80
City of Jersey City, N. J., 4½s, 1961	92½	4.65	93½	4.60
City of San Francisco, Cal., 5s, 1938	101⅞	4.85	103¼	4.75

BRITISH VIEWS ON FOREIGN TRADE

Sir Hugh Bell, speaking before the Council of the British Association recently, had the following to say concerning international relations:

All our terminology of trade has connotations of conflict. With difficulty have I avoided in the foregoing exposition words which imply hostility—words like "struggle;" implications that there is a prize to be won; suggestions that in a commercial transaction one side must get the better of the other. Such words and phrases all indicate that attitude of hostility which is, I believe, false and essentially misleading. The best bargains men make are not those in which one gets the better of the other, but rather those from which each draws an advantage, making him wish to repeat the process, and so maintain the flood of mutual benefits set running by the first transaction.

It is equally true of trade between nations as between individuals. Indeed, it is another cause obscuring the issue that we talk of international trade. It is convenient to look at the whole trade operations between the inhabitants of one country and those of another; but, in fact, the operations themselves are between individuals, and it is merely an accident that the buyer happens to be an Englishman and the seller a Frenchman, an Italian, or even a German. If the parties, be they fellow-countrymen or be they foreigners, are wise, they will desire that each may profit, and so return to trade. The last thing they should wish is to ruin their customer and lose his custom. *In one word, commerce is not conflict, but co-operation.* The right apprehension of this truth would have dissipated many of the fears which people entertained before the war as to the danger in which the world stood from German commercial activity and enterprise; it will lessen the alarm with which they regard the prospect of the German people after the war returning to the arts of peace. To most of us engaged in industry nothing is more to be desired than prosperity for our neighbors whether we love them or hate them. Prosperity means the power to satisfy wants and the wish, explicit or implicit, to exchange a surplus with some one else for something desired, and this state of mind will not be satisfied by one transaction, but will grow by what it feeds on.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. In your columns—about two years ago, I think it was—you discussed Russian bonds as an

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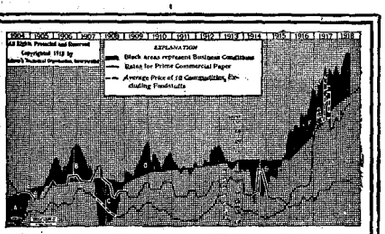

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Questions and Answers (Continued)

investment, and aptly described them as highly speculative.

I bought some of the 5½ per cent issue of 1916 and some of the 5 per cent issue of 1917 (Liberty Loan). I should like you to estimate their probable ultimate value.

A. Since the article on Russian Internal Bonds to which you refer appeared in The Outlook they have become even more of a speculation, due to the turn which Russian political affairs have taken.

Russian exchange in normal times is quoted between 51 and 52 cents for one ruble. In consequence of the prevailing abnormal conditions, the present quotation is about 21½ cents. This fact, in addition to the discount below par at which the bonds are selling, offers opportunities for considerable enhancement in value and income, through the return of exchange to par and through the advance in the market of the price of the bonds.

Although it is reasonable to suppose that the Government which will ultimately come into control of Russian affairs will assume the liability represented by the bonds of the Imperial Russian Government, it is impossible in the rapid march of events in Russia to predict with any certainty the return to normal of Russian exchange. Russia's natural resources are enormous. She stands first among the nations of the world as regards the extent of her timber lands, of which there are about 345,000,000 acres in European Russia, representing about thirty-six per cent of the total area. Of this, 214,000,000 acres are owned directly by the state. Russia is also one of the largest producers of cereals and grain. Minerals are found in nearly all parts of this vast country, and extensive oil-fields, centering mainly around Baku, place her among the largest producers of crude oil and its products.

Under a stable and efficient government these vast resources should develop and the exports and wealth of the country increase correspondingly. Re-establishment of credit would result. Perhaps the greatest stumbling-block in the way of Russia's progress along these lines is the ignorance and illiteracy of a large part of her people.

Q. I have been thinking of purchasing a few shares of the United States Rubber Company's first preferred stock. In your opinion, would the proposed investment be justified on my part? I am a small salaried man and my other investments are first mortgages, $2,200; savings bank deposits, $800; Liberty Bonds, $200.

A. The first preferred stock of the United States Rubber Company, of which there is $61,722,200 outstanding, has behind it $36,000,000 common and $403,600 second preferred. With the exception of a lapse to 4½ per cent in 1904 and an increase to 9 per cent in 1905, 8 per cent dividends have been paid since 1903. In 1917 the preferred dividends were earned nearly four times over, and at the end of that year the total adjusted surplus was reported as $31,891,207. The continuance during the near future of dividends at the present rate seems to be well assured.

Assuming that the first mortgages are wisely chosen, we should say that your list was fairly well balanced.

Q. I have noticed several references in the Financial Department to good municipal bonds as a very high grade of investment. I have some surplus funds which I wish to place safely. What bond would you recommend?

A. Diversification is always desirable and can be obtained in one class of security as well as among several. City of Newark, New Jersey, 5s, due 1932 to 1954 inclusive; Galveston, Texas, 5 per cent bonds, due 1950; City of Detroit Improvement 4s; and Town of Nantucket, Massachusetts, 4 per cent bonds, due 1920 to 1926 inclusive, all yield between 4¼ and 5 per cent, and are fairly representative of the bonds you have in mind.

In purchasing municipal bonds it is advisable to secure a copy of an opinion regarding the legality of the issue.

MANY readers of The Outlook will remember with pleasure those interesting stories by Laurence La Tourette Driggs, "The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace," that were published in The Outlook some months ago. These stories, with many additional adventures of Arnold, have been published in book form by Little, Brown & Co., the well-known Boston publishers. It is a handsomely bound volume of over three hundred pages, containing many illustrations from original drawings and photographs, and will make a most attractive Christmas Gift. The retail price of the book is $1.35 net. By special arrangement with the publishers we are able to offer it in combination with a year's subscription to The Outlook at the special price of $4.35 for the book and the subscription. Only a limited number of vol umes are available for this offer, which will be withdrawn when our present supply is exhausted.

Fill out the accompanying order form and return to us at once with remittance of $4.35; we will extend your subscription for one year, whatever the present date of expiration may now be, and "The Adventures of Arnold Adair" will be sent to you immediately, carefully protected from damage in transit, all charges prepaid. This offer also applies to a new subscription, but does not apply in the case of subscriptions sent through agents.

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A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

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YOUNG MAN with nervous trouble desires home in country for winter, with pleasant family and cheerful surroundings. Willing to assist in work. Address, with terms and particulars, 9,217, Outlook.

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HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

SUPERINTENDENTS, secretaries, governesses, matrons, dietitians, mothers' helpers, companions, etc. The Wilton Exchange, Box 270, St. Joseph, Michigan.

WANTED—Two capable young Protestant women as girls' matrons in orphanage. Health essential. Salary $30, comfortable home, laundry. References. 6,408, Outlook.

WANTED—Middle-aged woman, refined, Protestant, to care for children eight months and four years. References required. Wages $50. Apply Mrs. C. F. Fitter, 341 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

YOUNG woman of character and refinement as governess for children 3 and 6. Please give age, nationality, experience, and references. 6,387, Outlook.

TEACHERS desiring school or college positions apply International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

GOVERNESSES, matrons, mothers' helpers, cafeteria managers, dietitians. Miss Richards, Box 5, East Side Station, Providence. Boston, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court, Thursdays, 11 to 1.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WOMAN of culture, competent to take charge of household or act as companion, chaperon, etc., desires position in high-class home. Associations greatly valued. Highest credentials. Address E. Maurer, 1 East 130th St., New York City.

EXPERIENCED managing housekeeper for hotel or institution. 6,394, Outlook.

CAPABLE New England woman, cheerful, adaptable, as companion or similar position. Best references. 6,398, Outlook.

COMPANION—New England woman, refined, capable, seeks position. Would go South. Personal references. 6,401, Outlook.

LADY desires position as useful companion to elderly person going South or West for the winter. Agreeable personality, good traveler, capable. 6,409, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPANION, chaperon, or managing housekeeper, desired by lady of experience and ability in one or all of above-named positions. 6,407, Outlook.

WOMAN in middle life with knowledge of hygiene and food values will accompany an elderly person or semi-invalid to Colorado or California. Will cook. References. 6,404, Outlook.

Business Situations

SECRETARY-COMPANION. Registered male nurse will care for invalid; capable bookkeeper; cost accountant; several years' experience managing private farm. Best references. 6,399, Outlook.

ENTHUSIASTIC young woman wants place requiring tact, intelligence, industry. College graduate, journalistic experience, pleasing personality that inspires confidence. 6,402, Outlook.

GENTLEMAN wants place as manager, secretary, or companion. Bank reference of $20,000. Would hire help, tend cuisine, accounts, etc. David H. Wright, 2007 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FRENCH woman of letters would assist author, or in researches requiring languages. 6,412, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

FRENCH college graduate teaches higher French, Spanish, Italian. 6,413, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of Patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

WANTED, by social worker in small New Jersey town, a home for 10 year old boy (Italian) whom it is necessary to move from present environment. 6,395, Outlook.

WANTED—Position with living wage, without night duty, stair climbing, or excessive hours, either in or out of nursing or social service work. State requirements, hours, salary, etc. 6,396, Outlook.

RELIGION FOR MODERN MEN, by Dr. Wm. Sullivan, and other Unitarian literature sent free on request. Address Mrs. J. D. Barrows, 116 Florida St., Springfield, Mass.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD, sermon by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, sent gratis; no charge whatever. Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer St., Boston, Mass.

MOTHER, educated, refined, sympathetic, understands children, opens home to children needing care. Child-study a specialty. $25 weekly. 6,403, Outlook.

BOARD, care, companionship, for semi-invalid or nervous person at the home of a woman physician (osteopathic). 6,406, Outlook.

GIRL, eighteen, needs money to attend school. Will pay back when through. Please write 6,410, Outlook.

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of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the CLASSIFIED COLUMNS OF THE OUTLOOK. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

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BY THE WAY

A Swiss correspondent of "American Art News" says: "At the beginning of the war the Swiss painter, Hodler, signed a protest against the devastation of monuments and art works on the part of the Germans. The latter, in retaliation, promptly had a covering of boards nailed over the famous fresco which Hodler had executed for the Jena University. Hodler having died, some one suggested that the fresco be uncovered. The University authorities, however, decided that the fresco is to remain 'vernagelt' (nailed up)—in which respect it is not unlike certain brands of German mentality."

A number of letters and documents relating to Shelley, the English poet, were not long ago discovered by the Shelley family's solicitors and were sold at auction, some of them bringing as high as $1,000. Among the collection was Shelley's pamphlet "The Necessity of Atheism," of which only two copies were known to exist. This brought $3,150. On it had been written—probably, it is thought, by Shelley's father—the word "Impious."

A remarkable lawsuit has recently been decided in favor of a moving-picture actress who sued her employers for $75,000 for breaking a contract. The young woman declared that she was engaged for $500 a week and was discharged because her employers said she had gained in weight! They had stipulated that she was to weigh no more than 110 pounds, and claimed that her weight rose to 126. She denied this acquisition of "too, too solid flesh," and several witnesses upheld her. The court awarded her $16,000. Evidently all admiration for the "tragedy queen," the majestic woman who once resoundingly trod the boards, has vanished from the souls of the movie fans as interpreted by the film companies.

A new "human fly" considers the old stunt of climbing up the face of a skyscraper not sufficiently exciting. He climbs up the outside of the building, then rides around the coping on a bicycle, and finally shins up the flagpole and waves Old Glory from its cap.

"Rare bargains in furniture are coming under the hammer in France," says a news letter to an American paper. "Château after château is being put up for sale as a result of the war. A château near Tours was sold this week, including a wonderful suite of Louis XVI furniture covered in very fine Aubusson tapestry with a delicate creamy ground made from Huet's designs. It went to Mr. Jacques Seligmann for 44,000 francs" ($8,800).

Among those unnecessary questions with which editors are troubled, this example from "Good Health" may be quoted: "If a loudly ticking alarm clock is fastened to the head of a bed, will the noise irritate one's nerves although it does not keep one awake?" The editor mildly answers: "Sleep in the presence of noise is less refreshing than under quiet surroundings." But why shouldn't the correspondent move the clock to the mantelpiece and save the editor's time and his own postage stamp?

A New York poet, as reported in "The Writer," says: "Poetry is delightful. But poets are so very poorly paid. I know a rich man who has a beautiful, golden-haired stenographer. The girl said to her employer the other day: 'I am going to get married, sir. And I am going to marry a poet.' 'Dear me!' said the wealthy man. 'Then you will leave us, eh?' 'No, sir,' she replied; 'I shall not leave you, but I shall need more pay.'"

New patents advertised as "for sale" may possibly prove bargains to some purchaser:

Gun and Projectile.—Gun fires projectile carrying two blades designed to cut or destroy wire entanglements or other objects in its path.

Combination Salt and Pepper Shaker.—Either salt or pepper can be obtained by movement of thumb.

Hovering flying machine.—Price $30,000.

$400 takes the patent of a simple and efficient fly-trap.

New checker board. Makes checkers different! Played with fourteen checkers a side. No double corners! A great improvement in the ever popular game of checkers!

"I want to get this check cashed," said a young wife to a clerk at the bank, according to the San Francisco "Argonaut"—though it is hard to believe this heroine was an up-to-date California woman. "Yes, madam," was the clerk's reply; "please indorse it." "Why, my husband sent it to me; he is away on business." "Yes, madam; but just indorse it. Sign it on the back, please, and your husband will know that we paid it to you." The young woman went to the desk and in a moment came back with the check indorsed, "Your loving wife, Sophia."

This story of the Scotch method of handling luggage has its bearing on the practices of our own "baggage smashers:"

A Highland farmer handed a rather frail-looking box to the porter at a railway station in Scotland. "Dae ye think this is strong enough to trust in the van?" he asked. "I doot it's no," replied the porter; "but we'll see." He lifted the box high in the air and let it fall with a crash. "It'll get that here," he said. "An' it'll get that"—giving it another bang—"at the junction. An' at Dundee it'll get that!" The third "that" burst the box, and its contents were scattered over the platform. The porter shook his head. "Na," he said, "I think it winna get past Dundee. If it's goin' farther it's no' strong enough."

A New Yorker, according to a Southern daily paper which enjoys a joke at the expense of its own section, was paying his first visit to a hospitable Kentuckian. The morning after his arrival he was awakened by a colored man-servant, who asked him if he would like to have his breakfast in his room. "What have you for breakfast this morning?" was the visitor's question. "Ain't but one kind of breakfast heah," was the answer. "And what might that be?" "Jug o' liquor, er nice steak, an' er dog." "For heaven's sake, what's the dog for?" "He's to eat de steak," was the smiling reply.

Women conductors are now a familiar sight on the street cars of some American cities, but in the Old World women have taken the place of motormen in some places—Glasgow, Scotland, for instance. A Scottish paper says: "The girls not only 'conduct' the tramcars, but they drive them, in Glasgow. The municipality seems to choose its best and bonniest lasses for this job, and in their tartan skirts, green jerkins, and saucy green cloth caps these charioteers irradiate the grim old streets."

The teacher asked the class the meaning of the word "unaware," according to a Western newspaper. A little girl raised her hand and gave this modestly phrased definition: "Unaware is what you put on first and take off last."

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There is a new and better way to relieve pain—yet the principle is as old as Nature. You know the soothing and healing effect of a sun bath. The THERMOLITE reproduces the action of sunlight by a scientific arrangement of a special electric lamp in a reflector so designed that the radiant light and heat rays penetrate the tissues. This relieves Pain by removing congestion and increasing the circulation of the blood in the affected parts.

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"SAFE AS SUNLIGHT"

Used in all Gov't Hospitals and Cantonments

This simple, safe, and modern method is far more efficient, convenient, and quicker than any superficial application of heat such as hot water, poultices, etc., for the treatment of muscular soreness, backache, stiff neck, neuralgia, sprains, bruises and the numerous little ailments so common in every home. THERMOLITE is always ready—simply attach it to any electric light socket. Costs only two cents an hour to operate.

No magic—no mystery—no drugs—just plain common sense.

Actions speak plainer than words—won't you give THERMOLITE an opportunity to demonstrate its usefulness in your home? It will probably help you; it certainly won't harm you—and if you don't want to keep THERMOLITE, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

The story of Thermolite; the actual things it does, the money it saves you—are all intensely interesting. Costs you only a letter to find out, so write to-day. You'll always be glad you did.

H. G. McFADDIN & Co., 41 Warren St., New York

Makers of Lighting Appliances since 1874

$7.00 by mail,

Made out of thick furred black Dog Skin

Above carries linings of little lamb skins. Price with mohair fleece linings $6.50. For comfort, appearance and durability you cannot find their equal for the price. Our illustrated catalog gives measure directions and a whole lot of other information about custom tanning of hides and skins with hair or fur on; coat, robe and rug making; taxidermy and head mounting; also prices of fur goods and big mounted game heads we sell.

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WHEN A NAIL WON'T DO

is made by the
RUSSIA CEMENT CO. GLOUCESTER, MASS.
who also make and guarantee

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